Saturday Review

ANUARY 7, 1956 / 20¢

1956 WORLD TRAVEL ISSUE

Month-by-Month Travel Calendar

103 Prizewinners: A Complete List

Special Photo Section Selected from Entries

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New Vistas for the Historian By Arnold Toynbee

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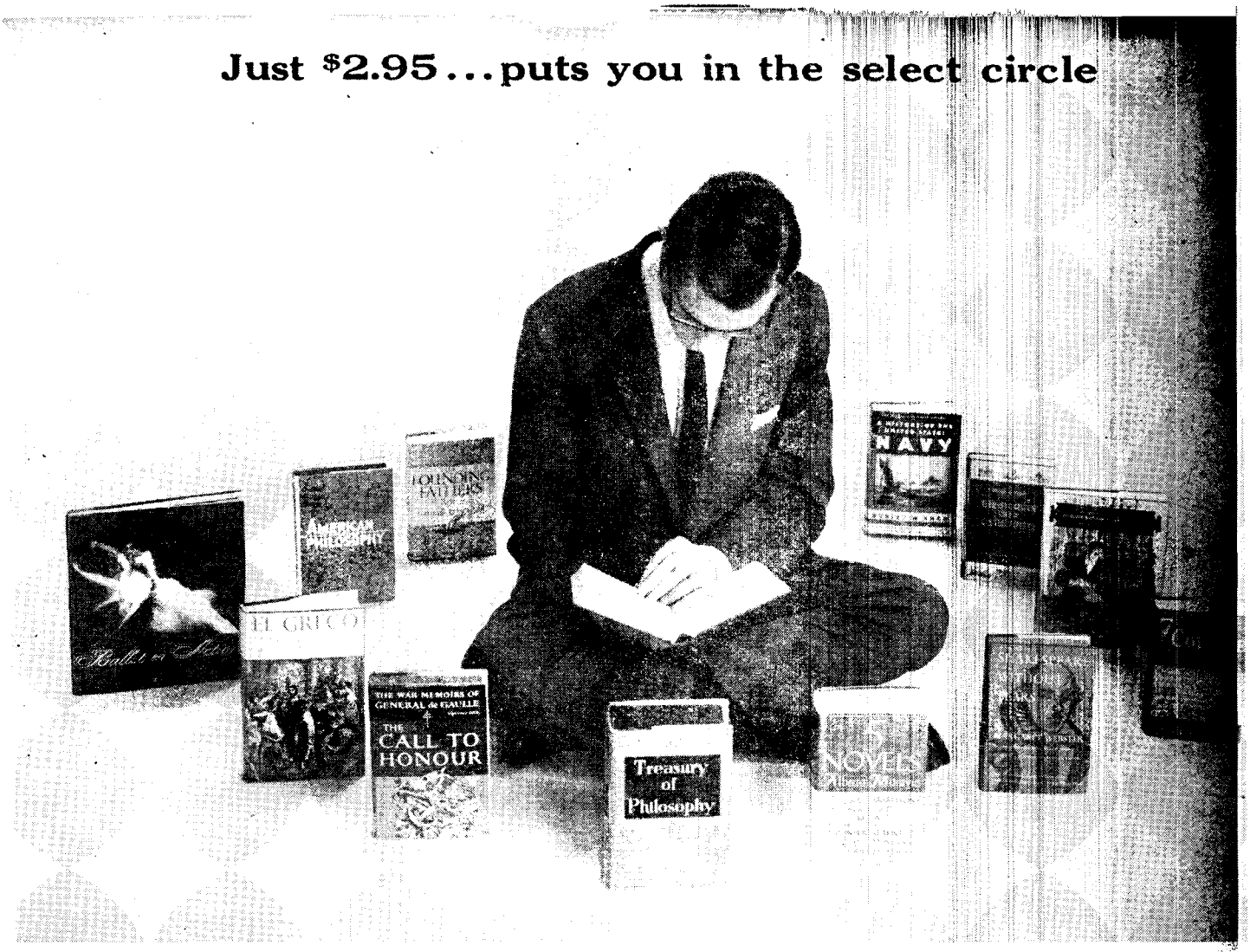

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TRADE Winds

PUBLISHERS' ROW, staggered by the unexpected loss, in rapid succession, of such stalwarts as Robert Sherwood, Bernard DeVoto, Marquis James, Harold Williams, and Amy Loveman, began this year's holiday season in a somber mood indeed.

It remained for Billy Rose, author, columnist, impresario, restaurateur, and what have you, to pick up everybody's drooping spirits with a characteristic outburst. Appearing in the unlikely role of lecturer at Town Hall, Mr. Rose, whose instinct for what will hit a front-page headline is positively uncanny, made a passionate and totally unexpected plea for "a sweeping program of rehabilitation for Central Park."

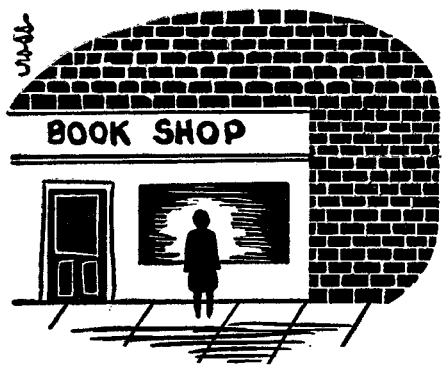
The previous ten Town Hall speakers combined hadn't garnered one respectable paragraph in the town gazettes, but Billy reeled in whole columns—with pictures, yet! Flabbergasted publishers and stage-folk in the audience would have sworn before he launched his tirade that the nearest he ever had strayed to the Central Park greensward was when a schmaltzy Romberg musical by that name achieved a modest run a few blocks from his own Ziegfeld Theatre some years ago. They were not prepared, therefore, for a rhapsody about the Park's secluded nooks and bosky dells, now, alas (mourned Billy) surrendered supinely to "purse snatchers, rapists, perverts, bums, and in general the scum of humanity."

Mr. Rose had a remedy to suggest: turn the city's most famous park into a mammoth entertainment center, something like the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen, featuring band concerts, a midway, a couple of dozen restaurants, dance pavilions, floodlighted baseball diamonds and tennis courts, and underground parking lots.

Mr. Rose predicted cheerfully (while reporters scribbled away) that his proposals would bring down upon his head the wrath of "every bird-watcher and dandelion fancier in the city." Indeed, the very next morning, Park Commissioner Bob Moses, no birdwatcher he, obligingly rose to the bait. "As long as I'm around," he thundered, "Central Park never will be turned into a blooming nightclub. Showman Billy Rose is taking in entirely too much territory."

Not displeased, Showman Billy Rose balanced a score of new lecture offers on his breakfast tray and autographed a copy of his "Wine, Women, and Words" for a lady who said she sat in Central Park every night listening to the crickets.

Meanwhile, in more serious vein, Billy Rose is quietly preparing to produce next fall Paul Osborne's new play, "Maiden Voyage," directed by Joe Manckiewicz. By that time, he probably will have forgotten all about his blueprint for a new Central Park. And what, by the way, has happened to his plan for an exhibition palace eighty stories or so in height, to be erected above the open tracks west of Penn Station? If Mr. Rose cares to hold forth on this project, space in TRADE WINDS is wide open for him.



HARD ON THE HEELS OF MR. ROSE'S Town Hall lecture, a determined landlord named David Bergner aimed a body blow at literary folk in a municipal courtroom nearby. Landlord Bergner sought to evict long-time tenant Adele Gutman Nathan, a respected, law-abiding author of numerous successful books, from her apartment on the astonishing grounds that she was "using a residential premise for commercial purposes."

Mr. Bergner conceded that nobody had so much as heard Miss Nathan pound a single typewriter key. She does her writing, as a matter of fact, in longhand. For an author, she's as quiet as a sales conference trying to stay awake through an editor's half-hour summary of a marginal novel at the end of a long, hard day. The landlord simply claimed that by writing a manuscript she had violated a clause in a standard residential lease: "A tenant shall use the premises as a strictly private dwelling apartment and for no other purposes."

Miss Nathan suggested that the fact that her landlord had been trying valorously for months to talk his old tenants into decamping, thereby leav-

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ing him free to convert his building to commercial occupancy, just possibly was back of his foray into court. The judge suggested that the case be postponed until after the holidays. The landlord suggested that Miss Nathan had alerted the press to the case in order to publicize her books. Miss Nathan rebutted, with some justice, that not one newspaper story had mentioned the name of a single book she had written. I am happy to repair this situation. Adele Nathan is the author of a popular volume in the Landmark Series entitled "The Building of the First Transcontinental Railroad."

Miss Nathan's case is scheduled to be heard on January 20, and the SRO sign will be up outside the courtroom. As her attorney points out, if a tenant can be evicted on any grounds like these, what price the leases of all other freelance writers and artists, not to mention teachers and legal lights who work on papers in their homes? Any bets on how the judge will rule?

DOROTHY RODGERS, wife of the celebrated composer, Richard, numbered among her Christmas gifts one that has brought her pleading for aid from TRADE WINDS readers. A friend, knowing how much she likes games and puzzles, presented her with a trim little collection of double-crostics called "Catch Who Can," by "Sphinx"—but here's the rub: a note on the reverse side of the title page reads "A key to these acrostics is published separately, price six pence"—and "Catch Who Can" was brought out in London by Longmans, Green way back in 1869!

By the merest chance, can any reader come up with a copy of that missing key? Without it, nobody is going to solve many of the crostics in "Catch Who Can." They're too darn tough!

SPEAKING OF DICK RODGERS, his lilting melodies are the chief lure of "Pipe Dream," the new musical based on John Steinbeck's "Sweet Thursday" (and why that fine title was sidetracked is beyond me). Most of the rollicking gaiety of the Steinbeck novel got lost somewhere in its transition to stage fare—and when you've waited in vain for Helen Traubel to belt out just one of the many fine songs assigned to her, you feel rather Isolde down the river—but "Pipe Dream" is still the best new musical in town. Better see it. Even second-string Rodgers and Hammerstein is far above average.

As for new non-musicals in the Broadway area, there are so many solid hits this season that a visitor with only a few days in New York must be hopelessly confused. If you have time for just one, I think it should be "The Chalk Garden," which delighted me. Other champions: "No Time for Sergeants," "The Lark," and "Tiger at the Gates." I also laughed long and loudly at "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" I have not yet seen "The Great Sebastians," "Janus," or "Matchmaker."

Incidentally, among the insiders on Broadway, *SR*'s own Henry Hewes has come to be recognized as one of the country's top ranking drama critics.

BOOKSELLERS THE COUNTRY OVER reported record sales all through the holiday season. Rarely have there been six such lusty sellers at one time as "Marjorie Morningstar," "Andersonville," "Auntie Mame," "Ten North Fredrick," "Cash McCall," and "Gift from the Sea"—and it's a proven fact that a couple of solid blockbusters help sales all the way down the line. A real phenomenon of the winter season has been the jump in dictionary sales—up a clear thirty per cent in some sectors. Children's books disappeared so quickly that publishers' stocks were depleted by the middle of December.

FOLKS WHO ARE WORRYING about juvenile delinquency will find fresh food for thought in this story from the Carolina sector. The manager of a department store book section, located just across from the toy exhibit, was bracing himself for the daily holiday turmoil when he noticed a determined kid dragging a heavy, odd-shaped sack across the floor. A companion was kicking it along methodically from behind. The manager stopped the boys and said, "If you keep on getting in the way like this, Santa Claus is going to skip by you on Christmas morning."

The kid who was doing the kicking answered, "Who do you think we've got here in this sack?"

—BENNETT CERF.

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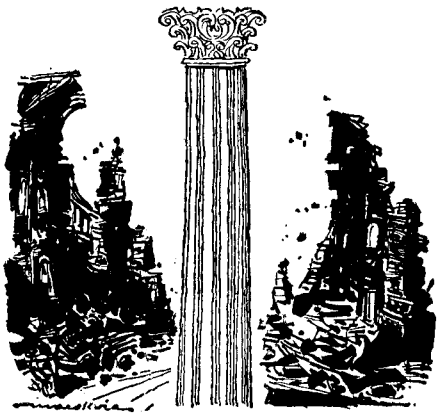

NEW VISTAS FOR THE HISTORIAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: For the third time *The Saturday Review* dedicates its first-of-the-year issue to America's expanding horizons. Riding on a longer-sustained prosperity-swell than ever before in their history, our citizens are wracking up record expenditures and record adventures of all kinds: Aunt Harriet may turn up on Samoa for her Sabbatical, and Uncle Joe may have given her a $10,000 ruby for Christmas. There are also more books, more records, better and cheaper reproductions of paintings and sculptures, and, as Mr. Toynbee points out here, wonderful opportunities for us to stand aside from ourselves and look at history. This article is drawn from the Gideon Seymour Memorial Lecture given by the famous English historian in Minneapolis, under the auspices of the University of Minnesota, financed by the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* as a tribute to its late executive editor.

By ARNOLD TOYNBEE

ONE of the characteristics of human nature is the capacity for intellectual detachment. Even at its highest, this capacity is, no doubt, limited; but perhaps every human being possesses it in some degree. As human beings, we have a double relation to our experiences. Even when we are most deeply engaged in acting and in suffering—when we are in danger of death or when we are committed to some enterprise which may either make or mar our fortunes—we are able, to some extent, to be at the same time spectators, and indeed almost disinterested observers, of what we are doing and of what is happening to us.

Probably all human beings at least a slight curiosity of this intellectually detached and disinterested kind about the human history of which their own personal lives are part. The range of one's historical interests may be very narrow. It may be limited to the recent history of one's own family. It is perhaps easiest for it to be wider for those of us who happen to have been born and brought up somewhere in that belt of countries in the Old World, extending from Japan through Indonesia and the Levant to Ireland—in which the records of civilization stretch back over a time-span of anything between 2,000 and 5,000 years.

In the East End of London, during the Second World War, when large quarters of the city were being destroyed by bombardment from the air it was noticeable that the people who were losing their homes and property, and were in daily danger of losing their lives as well, began to show an interest in the local historical monuments which, like the people's lives, were now being destroyed or being threatened with destruction. In peacetime these same people had appeared to be quite indifferent to them. But now they began to show a lively interest in the monuments, at the very time when they might have been expected to be entirely preoccupied with the new and terrible experiences through which they themselves were passing. They had become interested in their historical monuments because these, too, as well as the people themselves, were in jeopardy. In this moment of stress and tragedy, human nature's capacity for some degree of

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disinterested detachment was asserting itself. This capacity is, of course, a common characteristic of human beings the world over. I do not know what people's feelings in, say, Poland or Austria were when, during the last stage of the war, they were passing through experiences more terrible than those of the people of London. But I should be surprised if they did not show the same disinterested detachment as the Londoners showed under the more harassing conditions of warfare which fell to their lot. I should be surprised, for instance, if in those grim days the people of Vienna were not thinking about St. Stephen's Cathedral as well as about their homes and their families and themselves.

Now, if we ordinary people are capable of this disinterested intellectual detachment in trying circumstances, it would be natural that a human being who happens to be a professional historian should be capable, in still larger measure, of this double attitude towards the harrowing but also historically momentous events of our time. This would be natural because the age through which we are living is an age of unsurpassed opportunity, a splendid age for historians, just because it is an uncomfortable and distressing age for human beings.

I WILL illustrate my point from a conversation that I had in Paris in 1946 with an old French friend of mine, the distinguished historian and publicist André Siegfried. I went to Paris in 1946 in the United Kingdom delegation for negotiating the peace treaty between the Allied Powers and Italy, and one of the first pieces of private business that I did after my arrival was to get into touch with M. Siegfried and to ask him and his daughter to dinner. He had been in France all through the Occupation, and was then already well on in years, so I had been rather anxious about the effect that his experiences might have had on him. But as soon as he came into the room I realized that I need not have worried. At once he plunged into a lively description of his experiences in Paris during the last days of the Occupation in 1944. He described how, below the windows of his apartment in the Rue de Courty, a German tank had been shooting at members of French Resistance movement in the Chamber of Deputies, and how the Resistance people had been shooting back. And then he had seen the people of Paris pouring out of their houses into the streets and tearing up the paving stones and building barricades. "All through my life," he said, "I have been studying the histories of the revolutions in Paris in 1830 and in 1848 and 1871 but I had never dreamed that one day I should have the good fortune to see such things with my own eyes. But now, in 1946, I understand 1830 and 1848 and 1871 as I had never understood them before. I understand them now because, in 1944, I lived through them myself."

Now the point of my story—and it is a true story—is that while Professor Siegfried was telling me all this with such zest I was looking at his daughter, Mlle. Siegfried, out of the corner of my eye. She had not been saying anything while her father had been talking; but I had a strong impression that her feelings were not quite the same as his. No doubt she, too, had an interest in history; but I fancied that her chief concern, during those historic days in Paris, must have been to do what little it might have been in her power to do to save her father from being killed or starved, and to save their apartment from being knocked down or burnt. For her, human interest in her father's welfare had, I am sure, been the predominant concern. But M. Siegfried, being an historian as well as a human being, had had no time to be concerned about Siegfried the man. He had been wholly preoccupied with making the best use of the magnificent opportunity that the course of contemporary history had been presenting to Siegfried the historian.

The fighting in Paris was, of course, child's play compared with the fighting in Normandy and Vienna and Berlin at the end of the war; and London, though it suffered more material damage and loss of life than Paris suffered, was attacked only from the air. London escaped the experience, which Paris and Normandy and Vienna and Berlin went through, of being a battlefield of fighting on the ground. Yet the Berliners, the Viennese, the Parisians, the Londoners, and all of us, in the New World as well as in the Old World, whether we are mere human beings or whether, like André Siegfried, we are historians first and foremost are, I am sure, all of one mind in feeling that we are living through a very revolutionary age.

It is possible, of course, that we are mistaken about this, as other people have been in the past. For instance, our Western Christian ancestors in the early eleventh century of our era believed that they were on the brink of the greatest revolution conceivable: the end of the world. But the world did not come to an end on the thousandth anniversary of the traditional date of the Crucifixion or the Resurrection or the Ascension of Christ; and we, looking back on the eleventh century in the perspective of the 900 years that have passed since then, consider that though the eleventh century was, in truth, a rather revolutionary age, it was not really so revolutionary as all that. The perspective given by time sometimes also produces the converse effect. For instance, in the perspective of 1,500 years the fifth century of our era in Western Europe does appear to us today to have been a very revolutionary age indeed, even when judged by the standards of our own age. Yet, in Western Europe in the fifth century there were many people—and perhaps some of these even in Vienna and Paris and London—who did not realize that they were living through any revolution at all. The Roman Empire, in its western provinces, was falling to pieces under their eyes and they were blind to what was happening. Their blindness is on record in many of the surviving works of fifth-century Latin literature. Of course, there were other people in the western parts of the Roman Empire in the fifth century who did realize what was happening; but the fact which is interesting—and almost incredible—is that there were many people in fifth-century Western Europe who took it for granted that life was still going on just as before.

So one cannot ever be quite sure that his impression of the character of his own times is going to be confirmed by the judgment of Posterity. All the same, I think it will be surprising if Posterity does not endorse our own belief, in our generation, that we are living through a revolutionary age. It looks to me as if, in the West, and still more in the rest of the World, the pace of social change has been accelerating in our time until now it threatens to become too fast for the human psyche to adapt itself to it. Probably there is a limit to the amount of social change that the psyche is capable of digesting in a single lifetime.

IT IS true that Nature has provided, long in advance, against this emergency by inventing Death; for Death, which is such a grievous thing for us, is one of the most effective of Nature's devices for preventing Life from becoming hard-set. If Nature had not invented Death in the act of creating the higher forms of life these forms would immediately have become rigid, and Nature would have found herself committed for all Eternity to her earliest experiments. She would never have been able, afterwards, to discard her unsuccessful productions and to improve upon the rest. In the history of the human race in the past there have been revolutions that manifestly have been greater than the revolution through which we ourselves are passing today. The greatest of all our revolutions, so far, is the original one through which some subhuman creature became human. But this primal

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Labyrinthine Recesses of Satire

***"Jonathan Swift," by John Middleton Murry** (Noonday Press. 508 pp. $6), is described by its author, the distinguished British critic, as "a critical biography." Professor John M. Bullitt of Harvard University, who reviews it here, is the author of "Jonathan Swift and the Anatomy of Satire."*

By John M. Bullitt

WHEN Lemuel Gulliver visited Glubbdubdrib, the Island of Sorcerers, he was permitted to call up from among the shades of the underground Homer and Aristotle as well as their commentators. Gulliver soon found that the two authors did not recognize their critics who, in the lower world, kept their distance out of a sense of shame and guilt for "having so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity." It would be equally instructive to know Swift's opinion of the many biographers and critics who have tried to trace the mazes of his complex personality and define with precision the significance of his artistry. How John Middleton Murry would fare when confronted by the shade of Swift is a moot point; but the reader of his study of Swift's life and work, "Jonathan Swift: A Critical Biography," will be impressed by the fact that more, perhaps, than any previous biographer he has attempted to give a full and complete image of the man, both in his external doings and in his labyrinthine recesses.

Swift—"drama within himself."

Dr. Johnson's opinion that the superiority of biography to other literary forms is due to its greater capacity to "enchain the heart by irresistible interest" has a powerful illustration in this study of Swift. Mr. Murry is not content with giving a routine statement of events arranged in chronological order; his principal concern is to discover the underlying motives in Swift's life, to dissect his personality, and through this process to clarify uncertainties about his relations with the world and to reassess his writings. It is an ambitious attempt, and the result is an impressive essay. The book is written in a tone of almost urgent conviction, and it is remarkable throughout for its vigorous independence of judgment, its boldness of psychological interpretation, and, above all, for its sense of immediacy.

But while the reader's imagination is fired by this dissection of the human heart, his reason may ask if the heart is truly that of Swift. Mr. Murry speaks with certitude about reactions and events which more cautious scholars have agreed, with the same evidence before them, could not be finally determined. The "real motive of Swift's paradoxical behaviour" can not be demonstrated simply by a biographer's tone of conviction. "Why did he not marry Stella [except in name only]? . . . It is simple enough. It was because of his rejection by Varina." The evidence for this simple solution is no more substantial than for several other interpretations. Mr. Murry is convinced that Stella and Swift went through a marriage ceremony, but he offers no new evidence, and what evidence is available is inconclusive. The further argument that "the marriage seems necessary to account for the subsequent catastrophe in the relations of Swift and Vanessa" suggests the dangers inherent in the psychological method of deducing facts. But if psychology is to be the tool, then surely one must answer such questions, posed by R. K. Root, as whether it fits the character of Dr. Ashe, the Bishop of Clogher, to

THE AUTHOR: The lean, dark, troubled countenance of John Middleton Murry has been at the center of so much literary and personal controversy that he has been called "the best hated man in England." Born of poor parents in London in 1889, he won scholarships to Christ's Hospital and to Brasenose College, Oxford. His classical education, combined with his proletarian origins, may have caused the indomitably independent literary judgments that have earned him both respect and rancor from his literary contemporaries. At any rate, since joining the staff of the *Westminister Gazette* in 1912 he has always been connected with literary opinions of pronounced independence. He was editor of the *The Athenaeum* from 1919 to 1921, and of *The Adelphi* from 1923 to 1928.

In 1913 began one of the most important relationships in his life, his love affair with Katherine Mansfield, which was punctuated by marriage in 1918. He says that her "greater talent" influenced him as much as the writings of men like Tolstoy and Chekhov. He regards his book on Swift as the culmination of a lifelong search for values. Swift's "passion, pathos, and fierce integrity" appeal to his own spirit, which has always sought "a conception of the good life which would claim my allegiance in thought as well as in act." From 1938 to 1950 he tried to put this belief into practice by turning aside from literary criticism and setting up a cooperative farm. In 1950 he felt ready to return to criticism, "but without subjectivity," since he no longer needed the help and inspiration of the great writers. He feels that out of his own spiritual search he has drawn the capacity to reinterpret the spiritual crisis in Swift's life.

Now living in semi-ascetic seclusion at Thelnetham, near Diss in Norfolk (he lists his recreation as gardening), he looks back on a life that has also included membership in the Order of the British Empire, intimate friendship with D. H. Lawrence, renown as the definitive biographer of John Keats, and a reputation as an original interpreter of the lives and works of William Blake, Shakespeare, and Jesus.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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have performed an irregular and probably illegal marriage, in a garden and not a church, without witnesses, and with no record.

In 1921 Mr. Murry wrote "A Critical Credo" in which he defined the function of criticism as being "primarily the function of literature itself, to provide a means of self-expression for the critic." What can happen when this notion of criticism is applied to biographical interpretation may be illustrated by Mr. Murry's quotation from Swift's letter to Sheridan, written when Swift believed Stella was fatally ill: "'She loved you well, and a great share of the little merit I have with you is owing to her solicitations.'" Mr. Murry comments: "The words reveal Swift's eagerness to assume that Stella was dead—to have done with the agony." But Mr. Murry has quoted only part of the sentence which begins: "I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral; she loved you well . . ." Thus Mr. Murry translates Swift's fear into eagerness.

It is perhaps Mr. Murry's critical credo that leads him to advance his "final impression" of Swift as "one who has been radically infected by the corruption he universally discovers." Mr. Murry thus continues the Victorian tradition of viewing Swift through Thackeray's horrified eyes as a man "filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene." Mr. Murry's descriptive epithets include "perverse," "unnatural," "mentally diseased," "perverted passion"; he discovers the most appropriate symbol for Swift "in his own picture of the Yahoos squatting in the trees discharging their excrement on Gulliver beneath." He concludes that "Gulliver's Travels" is a "gratuitous degradation of humanity" and that it "lacks integrity." However much light Swift has cast on the permanent problem of man's self-delusion, it is undeniable that his imagination often lacked sweetness. In the nineteenth century the personalized interpretation of Swift was understandable: it had lost touch with the traditions and techniques of neo-classic satire, of which Swift was the most brilliant and complex master. But during the last generation the board has been cleared by the study of the history of ideas and of literary *genres*. At the present time, therefore, one feels Mr. Murry's personalized approach is unsophisticated. To read Swift's satires so exclusively as "self-expression" is a mistaken as well as an exhausted enterprise that overlooks the aims and decorum of neo-classic satire as well as the traditional Christian values that underlie Swift's dissection of "the surface and the rind of things."

Irish Patrician

"George Moore: A Reconsideration," by Malcolm Brown *(University of Washington Press. 235 pp. $4.50), is a first attempt to revive the reputation of a variegated Anglo-Irish man of letters of the last century. It is reviewed by Leon Edel, biographer of Henry James.*

By Leon Edel

OF THE Irish writers who enriched English letters during the last century, George Moore is probably at this moment in deepest eclipse. Wilde has held his peculiar position—a wit turned by fate into a tragedian—for a good half century; Shaw revitalized the English theatre and his plays continue to live; Yeats remains at the summit, a supreme poet-figure, an artist who grew with age and died powerful. The full effect of James Joyce is only beginning to be measured and it is well-nigh incalculable. He is woven into the deepest textures of our century. Moore alone, so recently of this brilliant company, read and admired and endlessly voluble, is now resting in that limbo in which writers wait for revival, and from which few are revived.

Malcolm Brown seems to think that the Irish novelist's day must come; and to speed it he has written a witty and charming book, concise and to the point, and smoothly readable. "George Moore: A Reconsideration" is filled with temperate and good-humored insight and is quite admirable as portraiture. For that is what it is: neither a full-dress critique nor a full-length biography, it is quite simply a portrait and a very successful one.

The portrait of George Moore, the Irish patrician who chose the way of art rather than of horse-flesh, is an engaging one. It is that of a kind of irascible and unsubtle André Gide of Irish letters, Gide-like only in that Moore, like his French confrere, preferred the mask of Proteus to the spectacle of his own visage. And this is to have no mask at all, for Proteus was a man of many shapes that he could assume at will. Moore started to be a painter, threw his brush away, donned a Latin Quarter hat and cape and tried to write English poetry that would read like Baudelaire. Then he read Zola and promptly wrote a series of naturalistic novels, at least one ("Esther Waters") of which will continue to be read. Then at one leap he read Walter Pater and became a votary of the high estheticism. In the midst of this literary Ireland shook itself awake and Moore rushed across the Channel to be among the first on the bandwagon. He helped found the Irish Literary Theatre, the progenitor of the Abbey, collaborated with Yeats, and thoroughly antagonized everyone. Finally he settled in Ebury Street in London, where our generation saw him and listened to him amid endless talk which he put into many autobiographies. At the end this symbolist-naturalist-realist-regionalist wrote novels that combined the narrative simplicity of Turgenev with the thematic efflorescence of Wagner and the simple yet artful manner of the Irish shanachies.

Out of his many years of writing certain works achieved a unity and an individuality. Some of his readers have preferred "The Brook Kerith" or "The Lake" or "Heloise and Abelard" to "Esther Waters"; still others relish the autobiographies with their petulant posturing and fascinating arroganee, reliable only in the portrait they project of Moore, and the portrait is involuntary. Moore's life, in sum, was a search for an identity that neither his homeland, nor his gentry background, nor the bohemian quarters of Paris, nor Victorian London could give him. And his migration between these, with his cat, his Aubusson carpet, his impressionist paintings and his antique clock, were those of a deracinated Irish gentleman who could find no real corner of his own. He finally melted his coat of many colors into a pastiche, a rather remarkable one, and this is the George Moore we know, the man who practiced criticism by denunciation and often did not read the books he criticized; and who by dint of hard work achieved a style artfully simple yet often factitious. Yeats with his unfailing psychological awareness had early recognized that Moore was a man without an ego. "He was all self and yet he had so little self," wrote Yeats. Hence the need to simulate others.

I would submit to Malcolm Brown that this is perhaps the real reason for George Moore's eclipse. Brown postulates that Moore has fallen into disremembrance because he made so many enemies during his lifetime. But his enemies are gone. And to a new generation, Joyce and Yeats reign because they had towering identities, while Moore has fallen from sight because he remained, somehow, an author in search of a personality. Malcolm Brown makes us see this with vivid touches and lively scholarship, without perhaps sufficient awareness that Moore's shortcomings and imperfections during his lifetime remain his posthumous liabilities.

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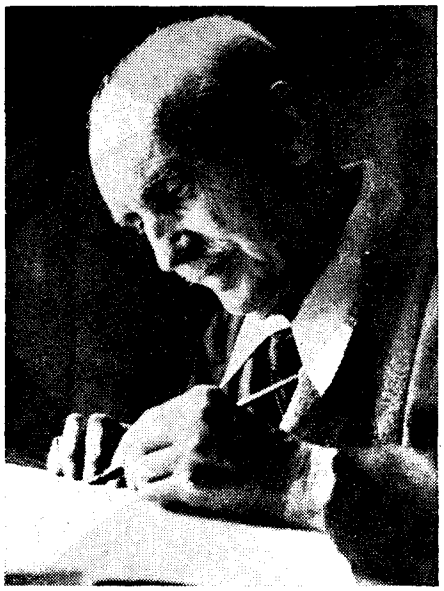
WHO IS SANTAYANA?

Four years after his death, the American-born George Santayana is the subject of three new books and the author of one brought back into print. Here Professor Charles Frankel of Columbia, author of a forthcoming book called "The Case for Man," reconsiders the man and his work.



—*Press Association.*

By CHARLES FRANKEL

AMONG contemporary philosophers none is quite so hard to locate as George Santayana. He lived alone both physically and intellectually, standing apart from most controversies, fitting neatly into no school, and concerning himself almost wholly with his own problems. He died, an unbeliever cared for by nuns, a man with an American reputation living on a Spanish passport in Rome. Now four books by or about Santayana have appeared almost simultaneously. All of them, and particularly Santayana's engrossing "Letters," give us the chance to take the measure again of this figure who is almost unique among modern philosophers and in the history of American thought.

Santayana held a conception of philosophy that was simple, classic, and fresh. He conceived philosophy as a man's attempt to know where he stood. "What you need," he wrote a young man who had urged him to give up metaphysics for literary criticism, "is not more criticism of current authors, but more *philosophy*: more courage and sincerity in facing nature directly, and in criticising books or institutions only with a view to choosing among them whatever is most harmonious with the life you want to lead. . . . I accordingly intend to devote such years as may remain to me exclusively to philosophy; although I hope the form in which it will be expressed will not lead you to call it metaphysics."

Because Santayana believed that philosophy was something else and something more than the quest after absolute truth, because he was so plainly convinced that philosophy in the last analysis is not a matter of proof but an activity of the disciplined imagination, there has always been some doubt that he should be considered a philosopher at all. Even William James wondered whether Santayana was quite serious about philosophy; and Richard Butler, a Paulist father writing out of a tradition that regards philosophy as a superior vehicle for describing the facts or for demonstrating the necessity of one's values, concludes that Santayana "never even began to be a philosopher." But Santayana did not regard philosophy as a surrogate for science or a rational apology for faith. Its business was to be clear about the ends of life, to sort out and organize experience in the light of a conception of the good freely and deliberately adopted. And for all the cool urbanity and grace with which he expressed himself, Santayana was wholly committed to this conception of philosophy. George Santayana in fact is one of the few philosophers who set out to do openly and candidly what most philosophers have done covertly, half-heartedly, and without quite knowing what it was that they were doing. He set out to find what it was in nature and man that spoke most immediately to his heart of hearts.

The theme that moves through Santayana's philosophy is the theme of Aristotle: everything ideal has a natural basis and everything natural an ideal fulfillment. The theme was not new, and Santayana neither thought nor hoped that what he had to say about it was original. He was, he liked to say, "an ignorant man, almost a poet," and he hoped, rather, that he spoke out of the funded wisdom of the race. But when this theme was announced at the turn of the century in "The Life of Reason," it broke upon a world still nagged by Victorian doubts, still worried that evolution, geology, and physics had proved that human ideals were random and meaningless, mere decorative foam on the wave of matter. "The Life of Reason" showed that man's ideals were as legitimate as ever, whatever his natural origins might be; more, in its judicious treatment of human religion, politics, science, and art, it showed that human aspirations were better grounded, more responsible, and more likely to be achieved, when the natural conditions on which they depended were taken into account.

But it was not Santayana's abstract "message" that explains his magic. It was not even the limpid and epigrammatic prose in which he stated it. It was the mixture of irony and sympathy he brought to his great theme, the unrelenting standards combined with the unillusioned acceptance of men as they are; it was the glinting wisdom, and the literary imagination which evoked the inner experience of men living in the most disparate moral climates. Most of all, it was the expression of a frankly relativistic moral outlook that was nevertheless Dantesque in its stringent declaration of preferences, its comprehensiveness, and its consistency. Here was a man with the sobriety of Aristotle writing with the poetry and excitement of Plato on the only things which give anything else any meaning —human ideals.

For Santayana was interested in man and the world only as they suggested ideals on which the imagination could play. Perfection, he wrote in "The Sense of Beauty," is "the ultimate justification of being," and he loved things only for the perfections they dimly foreshadowed. It was not the world as it is to which he was ultimately committed; it was not even the world as it might be. It was the ideal, in and for itself—"that vision of perfection," as he wrote to William James, "that we just catch, or for a moment embody in some work of art, or in some idealised reality: . . . the concomitant inspiration of life, always various, always beautiful, hardly ever expressible in its fulness."

IT IS the special merit of Willard E. Arnett's lucid study that it makes plain how central in Santayana's philosophy is this concern with the ideal. And it is in terms of this concern that the development of Santayana's philosophy can be charted. For the man who wrote in "The Life of Reason" that ideals are not realizable

(*Continued on page* 61)

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Caribbean Caracoles

***"Island in the Sun," by Alec Waugh** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 538 pp. $3.95), is an entertaining, journalistic report on the romances and problems that keep a Caribbean island seething.*

By James Kelly

WITH HIS thirteenth book, Alec Waugh verifies what followers of seven previous novels, four travel volumes, and a biography of Thomas Lipton knew long ago: a lively curiosity and a ready notebook can be turned into publishable entertainment. One won't find Evelyn Waughian wit or sardonics in "Island in the Sun," a tale of the panoply and protocol which threaten to sink a tiny island in the British West Indies. That's a special sibling talent. But this book does offer a Margaret Meadian portrait of the social, political, and racial conflicts of island life in the sunny Caribbean. Plus a travel writer's digest of customs, occupations, and historical background. Plus a well handled psychological drama which sets up reverberations all the way back to Downing Street. Plus assorted romances which jump back and forth across the color line. Modestly ranked as it will be in the wide, wide novelistic world, Mr. Waugh's newest is bursting with arresting personalities and provocative themes.

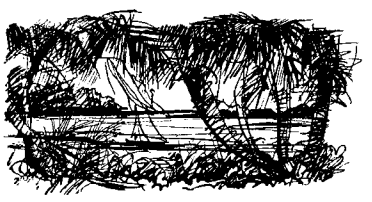
Few books offer a more authentic sense of place than this journalistic report of a speck of land called Santa Marta and the seething cauldron of whites, coloreds, and mixed bloods presided over by His Majesty's colonial government. The author knows his people from the inside out and presents them purposefully as the actors in an antic pageant. They are appealing, well-motivated characters right down to the walk-ons. Deftly juggling many subjects (most of which are caught) and making free use of fate and coincidence, Mr. Waugh offers a pleasing 538-page conducted tour.

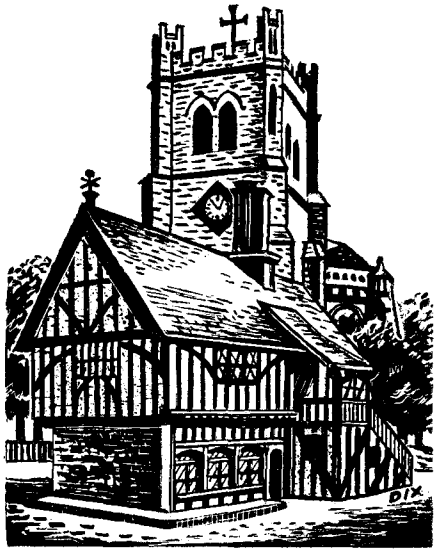
Yet "Island in the Sun," for reasons mostly having to do with style, is not as effective as it should be. For one thing, the author is in an expository, analytical vein most of the way. He unloads rather than uses his riches of special knowledge and insights. He asks too many rhetorical questions, uses too many easy short cuts, and too often lets his dialogue turn into set speeches. The result of such overwriting, inevitably, is lack of incisiveness and form.

We visit Santa Marta first on the day of the Governor's reception to introduce his eligible bachelor son, Euan, to the island's nubile maidens and dignitaries. It is also the day when moody young Maxwell Fleury, scion of an honored family, begins his swift descent from niggling jealousy to frustration to murder and assisted demise. During the seven months that follow, we observe Fleury's twisted romance with his wife, Sylvia, and live with him through a suspenseful post-murder waiting game with the island's bland chief of police. A policeman, by the way, who uses "Crime and Punishment" as a formidable reference book and ranks well up with the best fictional lawmen. There is mounting animosity with the troublesome colored trade union leader, David Boyeur. There is a memorable side romance between Euan Templeton and Fleury's sister, Joselyn, which triumphs over the color barrier. And other heart involvements between the Governor's aide, Denis Archer, and his colored lady; between Grainger Morris, the noble Oxfordian native, and a popular white girl whom he decides to pass up for a career in politics.

Tying everything together is the short and stout figure of journalist Carl Bradshaw who observes, interpolates, and writes enough inflammatory exposés for his stateside newspaper to pull down the roof on a lot of Santa Martans, including the Governor himself. It's an extremely well handled profile of a ruthless working columnist who would much rather be rich than right.

"Island in the Sun" is not exactly a blow for Caribbean tourism, but it will convince most readers that they now understand what they are missing. Maybe even leave them musing about the important practical problems of racial integration wherever it may be.





English Shorts

***"Winter's Tales I," compiled by the editors of Macmillan & Co., Ltd.** (St. Martin's Press. 364 pp. $3.75), is a collection of new short stories by English writers.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

SINCE "Best British Stories" was discontinued at the death of Edward O'Brien, there has been no practicable way for the American reader to keep up with the many young and old British writers who write good short fiction. Unless one subscribes to more British periodicals than he can afford time or money to read, it's likely he only knows the short story writers who write novels that have been selected for American publication. This is deplorable on at least two counts: there are a good many British writers, like H. E. Bates, who are good only when they write short fiction; it is a great loss to miss the work of writers who write nothing but short stories. "Winter's Tales I," a collection of unpublished and published stories by British writers who are and are not well-known, should help to fill the gap left by O'Brien's death.

All of these twelve are enjoyable and worth reading. In Kingsley Amis's "My Enemy's Enemy," you have a valid naturalistic story of *snafu* in the signal corps; in Bryan MacMahon's "The White Blackbird," you have a thoroughly delightful and unnatural story of what never happened to a professor on his way to a lecture. Frank O'Connor's "The Genius," about a boy who was too brilliant to understand either his parents or sex, is hilarious. The very serious "Private Means," by Gerald Hanley, is the first piece of fiction I've seen since "Pas

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Evan Hunter—"right resolution."

sage to India" and Christine Weston's "Indigo" that has anything new to say about India and the West (and in forty-one pages).

Apart from the stories by Hanley and O'Connor, the best are by Pamela Hansford Johnson, an excellent short story writer and a mediocre novelist, V. S. Pritchett, and Osbert Sitwell. Miss Johnson's "My Books Are My Children" is brilliant psychological fiction about a successful woman novelist married to a subtle writer the upper highbrows adulate. Mr. Pritchett's "The Satisfactory" is an ironic tale about a gourmet who had to descend to lust to abet his gluttony. Osbert Sitwell's "Follow M'Leader" is a fine unfettered piece of baroque prose about Owen Footmouse who creates and dissipates the reputation of two "eminent" writers of the Nineties.

What isn't altogether satisfactory about this collection is the slick (almost O'Henry-Maupassant-Poe) treatment some of the stories are forced into. L. P. Hartley's "Per Far L'Amore," though beautifully written, is both hurried and obviously contrived at the end. At least a scent of sickness hurts the good stories by Storm Jameson, Peter Towry, and Frank Tuohy. Nevertheless, I recommend both "Winter's Tales I" and the idea it represents. Perhaps it can become a yearly representation of the best in British short fiction—indeed, perhaps it is.

Douglass Wallop—"in instinct's interest."

The Drag of Drugs

"Second Ending," by Evan Hunter *(Simon & Schuster. 359 pp. $3.95), is a fictional study of the effects of drug addiction on four young people.*

By Whitney Balliett

EVAN HUNTER'S second book—his first, "The Blackboard Jungle," was an effective parsing of juvenile delinquency—is, like its predecessor, an extremely busy tract-novel. This time the hero, or better evil heart, is drug addiction and its effects on four young New York people. Bud Donato, a college student, unwillingly takes into his apartment a former "best" friend, Andy Silvera, a twenty-year-old trumpet player who has been "hooked" for two years. Helen Cantor, a reformed addict, and Donato's ex-girl, also materializes, together with a pretty, ruffled cipher named Carol Ciardi, who is Silvera's girl, and who weeps appropriately. Within the week, Silvera is dead from complications brought on by drugs. Donato, ice cubes of fear melting in his pockets, abruptly glimpses the difference between his peach-fuzz vision of life and the sandbags of true responsibility—both to Silvera and to Helen, whom he had jilted the year before after getting her pregnant and seeing her up to an abortion. He becomes finally, on the last page, a man.

Like many of its ilk, "Second Ending" is badly written. (Someone has unfashionably but rightly said that style—style being the degree of loving skill with which words, not thoughts, are handled—makes a piece of writing live.) Mr. Hunter speaks, for example, of the "gentle lap of snowflakes against the windows" (how can the geometry of a snowflake "lap" anything?); of "eyebrows . . . like individual shaggy grinning mouths" (a disgusting, as well as very inexact, simile); and of pain-stabbed eyes, in which the "irises [are] crumbling" (whatever else eyes do, they simply do not crumble, like castles or sandhills). This sort of embellishment is catchy, certainly, but only because it is doodads and soda.

But Mr. Hunter is bent, above all, on the dirty, sad bones of drug addiction:

> You will wake up wanting heroin and go to bed wanting it, if you go to bed. You will always and ever want it, and there will be no other thought in your mind but heroin. There will be a single purpose to your life, and your every waking minute is devoted to that purpose, and that doesn't leave time for anything else, not even thinking about anything else, it does not leave time for anything but H, there aren't enough hours in a day, you are married to H, you are married to death . . .

In view of this, then, the book's resolution seems right. But there is a fatal technical flaw in it and the whole novel. We are never told enough about the roots of the four principals. (This is the same sort of mistake Henry James made in "Portrait of a Lady," where he tells us briefly and mystically at the outset that Isabel Archer, the flame of robust Puritanism brightly burning, comes from good connections in Albany—Albany, presumably, being a fount of impregnable idealism and courage.) The result is that the wretchedness of drug addiction becomes a kind of towering bear which has, for some reason, attacked two weak but otherwise normal people who exist, for all purposes, in a vacuum. This unexplained condition, one suddenly finds, wrenches the book irretrievably away from any creative pretenses it may have been moving toward and back to pamphleteering, where symbols shake their fingers at us and intone dark, shabby facts.

Notes

FREUDIAN FAUST: Douglass Wallop's **"The Sunken Garden"** (Norton, $3.50), his third novel, is a far cry from the farce and fantasy of its predecessor, "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." The devil, however, is present again, this time a Freudian Faust corrupting ethics in the interests of instinct, subverting ideals for ids. His attack is launched against a stock figure of our time, a glib exurbanite huckster, here named Tom Forester, who successfully cons himself out of his little domestic Eden into the wasteland of disillusion and impulse.

Tom's switch from the authority of the commandments to the anarchy of his appetites begins in a casual conversation with a willowy beauty named Louise Gorman. These two tell each other about the good marriages they have and then proceed, cathexis by cathexis, from oblique flirtation to stolen kisses to "a life on a floor between floors" to the inevitable crisis: they discover, in the end, the long ache in the brief encounter.

The real trouble with Tom is that he arrives at middle age mixed-up instead of mature. He is long on words, short on awareness. His affections are less intense than his infatuations. He doesn't see the irony of hi-fidelity

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phonographs and low-fidelity phonies. When his marriage begins to shake he denounces the structure of matrimony itself; he fails to see himself hacking away at its foundations. He can even find it in himself to admire his elegantly adolescent boss, a white-haired Don Juan who has learned to put his wife, his ethics, and his mistresses in separate compartments and to be faithful in his faithless way to all.

Tom's tragedy is of the mean rather than the magnificent sort; for all his philosophical farragoes he is of tabloid dimensions. A man who bleats of his love of wife and family and skips away for a stolen weekend with another bleater is more ant than Antony. Emerson's line will do aptly: "The more he talked of his honor, the faster we counted our spoons."

Mr. Wallop makes his central character live enough in all his squirmy pathos. Live, too, are his rationalizations, his cocktail-lounge morality, the flannel-suited coloration of the glandular man. The author's touch is especially happy in the creation of Tom's charming daughter Polly and his truly tragic wife Janice. He is deft, too, in catching the flow of party-talk. —CHARLES LEE.

ALSO NOTED: Gordon Merrick's last novel, "The Demon of Noon," though a bit rigged, showed some awareness of moral issues and some promise of literary ability. He manifests neither these, nor, to a degree worth serious consideration, any other redeeming qualities in his newest book, **"The Valency Tradition"** (Julian Messner, $3.95). His hero is a vapid young man occupied in scraping the barnacles of high caste and family tradition off his rebellious soul. In fact, to employ a cliche of the kind in which this novel abounds, he is a poor little rich boy. After a varied but disastrous career with several kinds of women, he retreats dazedly to Central America where he rents a cabana and takes up light housekeeping with a native girl (natural, unspoiled, etc.).

Finally his mother, exercising the implacable kind of personal, international influence which one associates with Italian families of the age of the Medicis, brings him to heel, which matters little to the reader or, one hopes, to Mr. Merrick, who has shown himself capable of better work than this.

From here to the next book at hand is to go from riches to rags. It is difficult for a foreigner (or even a Spaniard) to convey the complex fabric of the Spanish personality, the superficial aspects of which seem so deceptively discernible, and an Eng-

(*Continued on page 62*)

PERSONAL HISTORY/THE LADIES

From Vogue to Quirinale

"Ambassador Extraordinary," by Alden Hatch *(Henry Holt. 254 pp. $3.75), is a biography of Clare Boothe Luce, our Ambassador to Italy, who in her time has been actress, editor, playwright, and is now wife of* Time's *editor.*

By Allen Churchill

FEW women in all history, when you come right down to it, have had careers as successfully varied as Claire Boothe Luce, currently our Ambassador to Italy. At ten, she was a child actress, understudying Mary Pickford in "A Good Little Devil." At twenty, she was such a ravishing social beauty that she caught the interest of George Tuttle Brokaw, New York's richest and most eligible bachelor. As his wife she lived in formidable luxury, with yachts, mansions, Paris clothes. Leaving Mr. B. (who drank) in five years, she soon scaled literary heights to become managing editor of *Vanity Fair*. As a playwright she wrote "The Women," "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," and "Margin for Error," all hits. As Mrs. Henry R. Luce, she became a war correspondent and author of the best-seller "Europe in the Spring." As Congresswoman from Connecticut, she served in the House of Representatives and was a pioneer Eisenhower supporter who spent much time rallying the then-General to run for President. "If I do," he assured her earnestly, "I want you on my team."

Now Mrs. Luce is indubitably on the team, a special indication being that Alden Hatch, who seems to have become official biographer of the Republican Party ("Red Carpet for Mamie," "General Ike"), has written her biography in "Ambassador Extraordinary." It is a book well-titled for even Mrs. Luce's enemies have to admit she is an extraordinary gal—with cool, stunning beauty, boundless diesel-engine energy, and a split-second mind which has (for her) the convenient ability to see everything as black or white. But still, she isn't widely liked, a fact even Mr. Hatch admits: "There is no denying she arouses an almost pathological antipathy in many." Why? Mr. Hatch thinks it is because of "The direct quality of Clare's mind . . . in her terrible candor and the way she has of stripping away the shams and illusions with which less gifted mortals cover their inadequacies."

Such insights, however, are rare in "Ambassador Extraordinary." For the most part Mr. Hatch writes as though in the throes of a crush. "Her mind

—*United Press*

Ambassador Luce with General Gruenther—"an extraordinary gal."

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—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Francis Steegmuller—"a far-off moment."

illumines the objects on which it touches with brilliant clarity," he states at one point. The beginning words of his book are these: "First I want to acknowledge that I never had so much fun writing a book." He even describes the brusque wooing of Henry Luce as *vernal.* But he has done a good job of assembling facts, and Mrs. Luce apparently has cooperated wholeheartedly, holding back nothing of such intimate moments as when, after the tragic death of her daughter, she first found solace in Catholicism.

In many ways Mrs. Luce's life story brings back a breath of the dead past, for exactly as in Mary Pickford movies this daughter of a poor-but-honest chorus girl and a ne'er-do-well musician was able to hide her humble beginnings long enough to crash society. After that she got along famously on her own, her only misstep being (in her estimation) a flirtation with New Deal thinking in early FDR days. This did not last, and shortly she was among FDR's most vitriolic critics, attacking him with all the techniques she employed so successfully in "The Women."

Mr. Hatch vows that her life of accomplishment has brought Mrs. Luce rare satisfaction, and that all who come close to her come to love her. At the same time, he notes that her schoolmates voted her Most Conceited Girl, and she herself has written that for many years "some vast uneasiness, restlessness, discontent suffused the very interstices of my being." Mrs. Luce is still in her early fifties, only mid-point in her remarkable career. As Wolcott Gibbs said in his *Time*-style profile of her almost equally phenomenal husband, "Where it will end, knows God."

Too Rich to Marry

"The Grand Mademoiselle," by Francis Steegmuller *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 308 pp. $3.75), is the biography of an extraordinary French old maid of the seventeenth century, Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orleans.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

THE princess might have been Queen of England. Though not truly beautiful, she was handsome, high-spirited, and extremely rich. She fell in love with a dashing military man far below her rank but was restrained from marrying him because of possible consequences to the crown.

Such a romance makes big news in any century. When Madame de Sévigné heard that "the Grand Mademoiselle," Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orléans, Duchess de Montpensier, granddaughter of Henry IV of France and first cousin to Louis XIV, intended to marry a certain Monsieur de Lauzan, she called it "a piece of news that's most amazing, most surprising, most marvelous, most miraculous, most triumphant, most dazzling, most unheard-of"—and so on for four hundred words of a famous letter.

Francis Steegmuller in his biography of "The Grand Mademoiselle" has recreated the atmosphere of this once sensational love affair. If twentieth-century headlines could be exploited to advertise Mr. Steegmuller's book, an extra audience might be picked up for a fascinating story quietly told.

On its own merits, considerable though they are, "The Grand Mademoiselle" will probably fail to attract readers who have forgotten most of what they ever knew about seventeenth-century France. Readable and lively from its first line and thoroughly engrossing by the time it has reached the halfway mark, it is nevertheless a book that warms up slowly. Mr. Steegmuller disdains the kind of running commentary with which biographers often ease their way into a different century and explain or make palatable a period very different from our own. Page two of "The Grand Mademoiselle" serves almost straight Bourbon—a long listing of Mademoiselle's royal relatives, to be identified with the help of a confusing genealogical chart.

The Grand Mademoiselle herself is a subject well off the beaten track of history. No full-length life of her has appeared in English for about half a century, and though a partial translation of the "Memoirs of la Grande Mademoiselle" was published in 1928, few Americans who are not specialists in French history are likely to have heard of her. She was not the kind of Frenchwoman we are used to reading about: not only was she nobody's mistress, but so far as historians can be sure she died celibate.

Marriage chances she had aplenty, for she was the richest woman in France. Cherishing the ambition to be an empress, she turned down a hatful of princes. One of them was Charles II of England, a fact deplored by Mademoiselle's earlier biographer, Eleanor A. Price, who pointed out in "A Princess of the Old World" that Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orléans would have made a good and a popular Queen of England. Her loyalty, simplicity, love of field sports and country life, unbigoted religiousness, and "serene conviction of her own superiority" amused the French, but they would have endeared her to the English.

AS Mademoiselle wrote, however, "my rank is such that I can't marry without the court taking a hand in it," and in the last analysis she was too rich to be allowed to marry: the court could not bring itself to let her go. The poor girl was born to be victimized by the men she adored: at first by her father, who milked her inheritance, then by her cousin King Louis, and finally by the rogue with whom she fell desperately in love in her forties.

The lady has gone down in French history as a doting, absurd old maid. Mr. Steegmuller writes of her in his characteristically cool, graceful, faintly ironic prose, but now and then his sympathies show through and we get a new slant on Anne-Marie-Louise. Self-satisfied she may have been, but she was also gallant. Knowing nothing but sycophancy and intrigue, she grew up straightforward and intensely loyal. In a corrupt society the Grand Mademoiselle somehow had a code of ethics. In Mr. Steegmuller's hands she is not entirely a heroine, but she becomes a human being and her far-off moment in history comes to seem enormously real and relevant, though one would be hard put to it to say why.

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The Fortunate Diversity

SOME 60,000,000 Americans take trips at home or abroad every year, using their increased leisure and income to widen their personal horizons. In fact, more people are moving around the surface of the earth these days by ship, train, plane, and car than ever before in the history of travel.

National boundaries have become points of entry for visitors rather than barriers against foreigners. Even the Iron Curtain has bent a bit before the tourist phenomenon, with Soviet Russia preparing to issue visas and receive tourists on an unprecedented scale.

Underscoring the phenomenon is this issue of *SR,* containing an extended World Travel Calendar. The calendar previews day by day events of unusual interest for tourists scheduled to take place in more than fifty countries during the next twelve months.

Yet in the midst of all this coming and going there is a curious paradox.

Some of our great tourist organizations manage, implicitly or explicitly, to give the impression in their travel advertisements that the tourist can go abroad and still feel he has never left home, hamburger, or mother. These advertisements convey the feeling to the prospective traveler that the world is actually a rather parochial place, despite a few superficial exotic trappings, in which everyone is just like the family next door, complete with familiar menus, mores, and plumbing.

This theme, which would seem to belie the very purpose of travel, possibly is an unconscious bow to American vanity or provincialism. It may even be a nod toward the xenophobia that vexes so much of our private thinking and public policy these days.

Whatever its origin, it fortunately isn't so. A just-completed trip around the globe has dramatized again the truth that the world is a wide, wonderful, and infinitely varied place.

This is not to deny or minimize the essential oneness of man. By and large, the man in the street, whether in London, Rome, New Delhi, Paris, Tokyo, or Moscow (or Philadelphia), is a decent, friendly human being, trying to make ends meet in whatever he uses for money and to see that his children have a better chance than he did. This is a reflection of our human brotherhood. But even brothers are not all alike. In this sense, the world is not yet one great neighborhood, sharing a single backyard—fortunately.

The vision of a single home for the human family comes in part from the modern magic carpet, the airplane, which by shrinking time and distance has enabled us to see how excitingly different we are. I became impressed with this fact on a recent air voyage around the world. I started out on a Pan-American World Airways Clipper and within the brief span of thirty-six hours I was transported 1,000 years back in time into the heart of another civilization. Overnight, I was in the cradle of Christendom in the Middle East, and, only a few hours later, seemingly, in another world, India. The old, the new, the timeless, the timely were stirring side by side in a creative friction filled with hopeful meaning for men everywhere. Later, I saw similar stirrings in Japan and throughout Asia.

In New Delhi, I spoke to Prime Minister Nehru who made clear his awareness of the importance of the tourist. He said he wants American tourists—indeed travelers from all nations—to come to India because he believes a thoughtful tourist is an important bond of understanding between countries.

When the Tenth General Assembly of the International Union of Official Travel Organizations (IUOTO) convened in India's capital, the Prime Minister and members of his cabinet officially opened the conference.

Mr. Nehru told the Government tourist heads of some fifty countries that travel is a unique form of adult education and international diplomacy. He praised the contribution a tourist who visits a country with his heart, mind, and eyes open can make toward building a two-way bridge of friendship between peoples.

The Prime Minister commented subsequently on the improvement in Indian-American relations despite the recurring strains of the world crisis, and said the 10,000 American tourists who visited India during the year had been a factor in this favorable change.

IN LAUSANNE, Switzerland, only a few days earlier, the American Society of Travel Agents (ASTA) held their twenty-fifth convention. They reported 1955 had been the greatest year in the history of American travel, and that 1956 promised to be even larger, with hundreds of thousands of U.S. tourists learning at firsthand how wide and wonderful the world is.

In this country the European Travel Commission (ETC) and the Pacific Area Travel Association (PATA) have been working effectively to promote U.S. tourism to their respective corners of the globe. They are not only in the business of tourism. They can also be called agencies of adult education, for that finally is what a trip away from home is.

St. Augustine himself made this point in these words:

"The world is a book, and those who do not travel read only one page."

The Saturday Review believes in the education that is found in first-hand experience of the infinite variety of the world around us. *The Saturday Review* believes that tourists make good friends, good neighbors, and good citizens.

Therefore, *The Saturday Review* trusts that the current renaissance in movements of peoples will continue to flourish in 1956 as one force for peace and good-will, the universal aspiration for which still serves as the binding pattern for the world's splendid diversity. —W. D. P.

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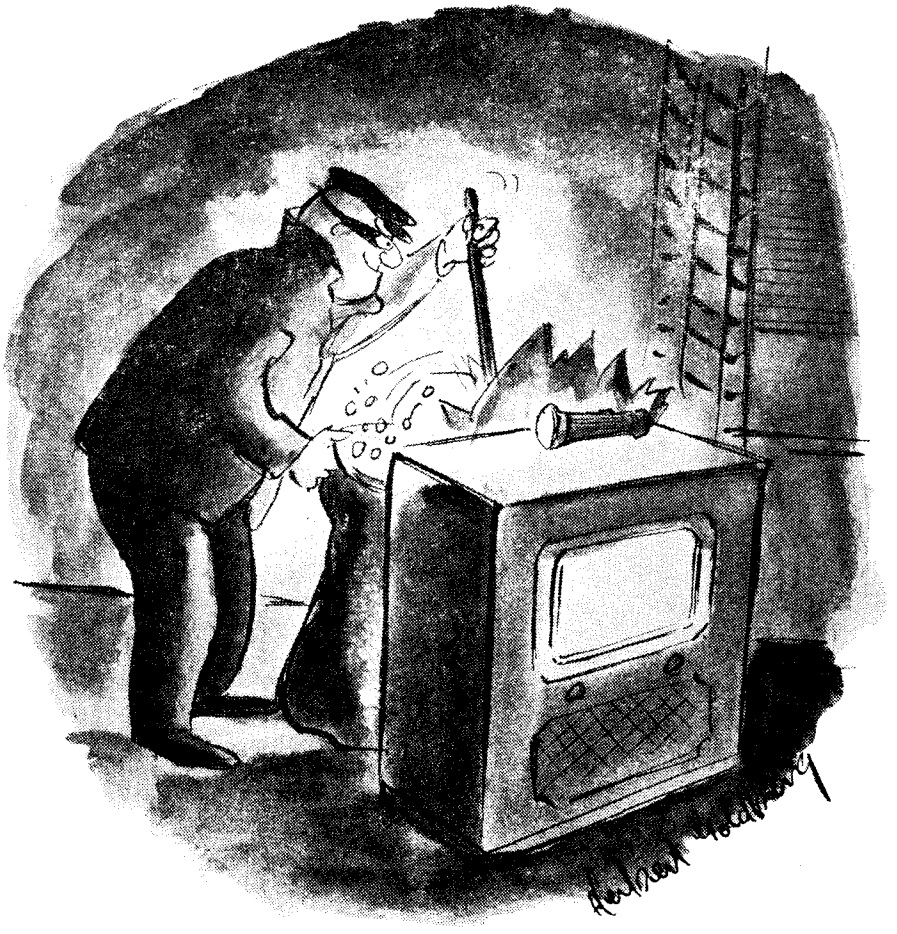
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AMY LOVEMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Among many tributes that have been written to Miss Amy Loveman since her death was the following editorial published December 13 by Jonathan Daniels of* The News and Observer *(Raleigh, N. C.)*

ALL AMERICANS who have shared the best in American writing in this generation were the debtors of this gentle, always frail-seeming woman who was probably better loved by more good writers than anyone else in the country. She deserved the affection, too, of all good readers.

As a person Amy Loveman seemed much more retiring than dramatic. She lived and worked quietly but on a working schedule which would have taxed a robust man. She was one of the founders and always afterward one of the editors of *The Saturday Review*, which she helped make the high court of literary criticism in the United States. She was, of course, the friend of most of the successful literary men and women of her time. It was more important to her and more important in her impact upon writing in America that she was more concerned with those on the way to success than with those who had arrived. She combined high standards with wide sympathy, gentleness with an implacable preference for the best. No noisy fame was terminated when Amy Loveman died, but a serene spirit close to the quiet heart of excellence was lost to America.



"To think of all the wasted years before Subscription TV."

THE MOST BELOVED

PERSONALLY and on behalf of all my colleagues who knew her I want to express to you and to your associates our deepest sympathy in the death of Amy Loveman who surely must have been the most beloved person in the whole field of book publishing.

ROY LARSEN.
Time, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

IMPECCABLE INTEGRITY

AMY LOVEMAN was one of the most beloved people of our time, and her loss fills us with a sense of great sadness.

It was precisely because a true appreciation of literature always came first in her judgments, because her integrity was always impeccable that she became an inspiration and standard bearer for us all. To know Amy was to love her and it was a great privilege to be her friend.

EUGENE REYNAL.
Reynal and Co.

New York, N.Y.

GENTLE, HONEST, DEVOTED

ALL OF US at Farrar, Straus & Cudahy deeply mourn Amy Loveman's death. She was one of the truly good and great people in the world of books and writing. Her gentleness, her honesty, her unsparing devotion to work and people of all ages and interests will never be forgotten by those of us who knew and loved her. Her perceptions as critic, editor and writer never failed her. She never failed a friend.

JOHN FARRAR.
ROGER STRAUS, JR.
SHEILA CUDAHY.

New York, N.Y.

RICH RESOURCES

THE DEATH OF AMY LOVEMAN takes away from American writers, and particularly contributors to *The Saturday Review*, a good friend and understanding critic. She was a dedicated soul who gave her life to creative artists with a generosity that is not often found in this highly competitive world. The poets of America have lost a quiet champion, and *The Saturday Review* a perceptive editor whose resources in current literature were rich and varied.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

New York, N.Y.

A PERSONAL LOSS

A YEAR OR SO AGO Miss Loveman and I served jointly as judges for a poetry prize offered through the Poetry Society. That was my one meeting with her, but I enjoyed it very much. She asked me to drop in and see her at the office for a visit; but I hesitated to intrude on her busy schedule. Since William Benet's passing, she accepted a number of my poems for the magazine, and we had a friendly correspondence as a result. Now she is gone, and the sense of loss is keen.

LESLIE N. JENNINGS.

New York, N.Y.

A RICH, FULL LIFE

How UNUTTERABLE the void which Amy's friends will feel. But after recovering from the shock we will glory in the memory of her rich life, her generous helpfulness and the modesty in which she wrapped her uncommon ability.

BEN W. HUEBSCH.
Viking Press.

New York, N.Y.

A GRACIOUS JUDGE

WHAT I ADMIRED PERSONALLY in Amy Loveman was her ability to keep her friendship for writers distinct from her professional obligations and that delightful equanimity of judgment that made a rejection seem more gracious than any acceptance.

I. L. SALOMON.

Florence, Italy

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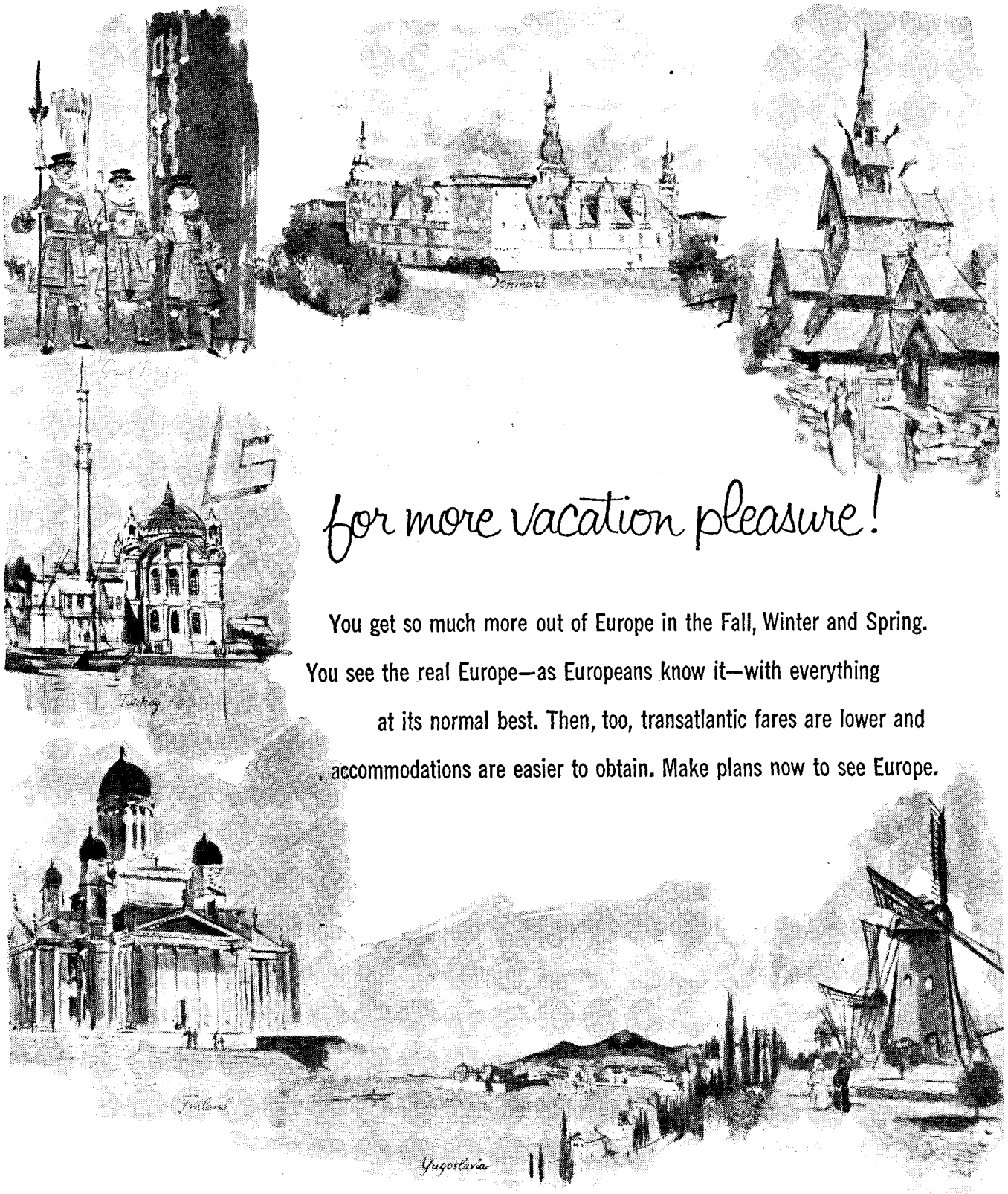

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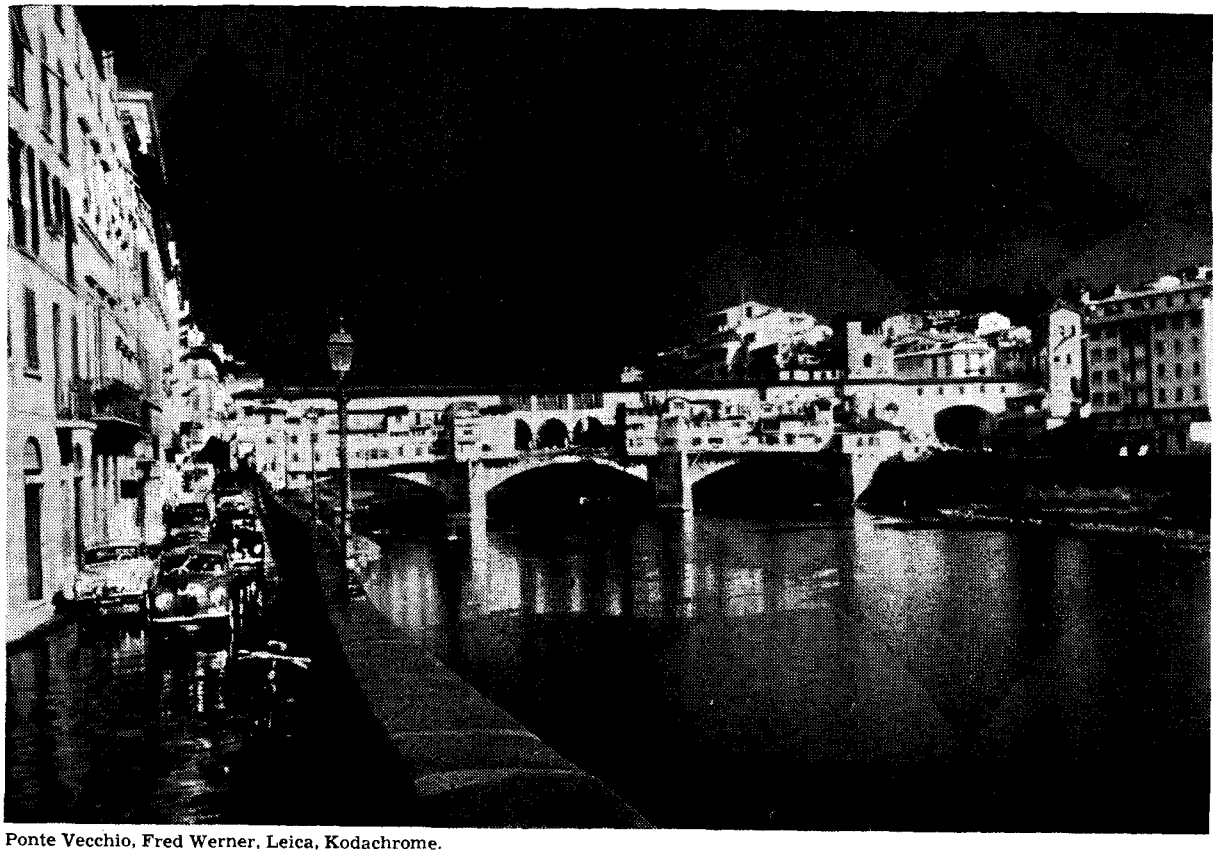
1956 WORLD TRAVEL ISSUE

1. *Thirty-two Pages of Where and When to Go This New Year*
2. *A Six-Page Photo Gallery (beginning on next page)*



Ponte Vecchio, Fred Werner, Leica, Kodachrome.

THE MOBILE AMERICANS: Miami? Montego? Moscow?

By HORACE SUTTON

IT WAS a year when more people put out more money to go more places in less time. And what made news was the prospect of still newer places to go, because this year barriers went down and hotels went up, sometimes where one would least expect it. And what made news, too, was the prospect of getting there faster. To London from New York in six hours and thirty-five minutes, to Tokyo from San Francisco in twelve hours and forty-five minutes were no longer rash guesses. The orders were on the books and the prototypes were flying. And the words, this year, of such men as Khrushchev, Rockefeller, Hilton, Douglas, and Shakespeare made the world even more exciting for the traveler.

On Tuesday morning, November 1, John Foster Dulles tilted with Princess Margaret for a headline. Margaret announced she would give up Townsend. Dulles announced he would give up our restrictions on travel by American citizens to the Soviet Union and most of the Soviet satellites. Margaret got the streamers and the sympathy, but Dulles's words could open a hidden world. He said, too, that if the Russians would accord us landing privileges in the Soviet Union, "Soviet commercial airplanes, for example, might land at Idlewild." And he made a bid to have the Russians adjust the ruble-dollar exchange that made travel in the Soviet Union so expensive

(*Continued on Page* 51)

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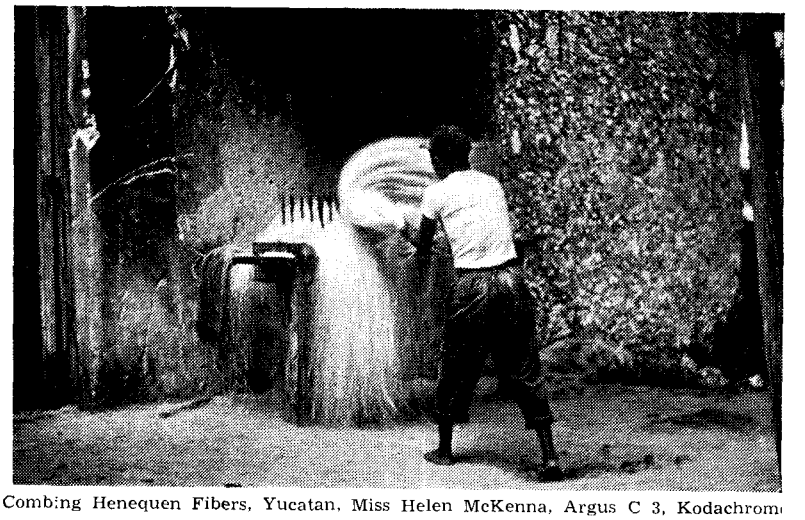
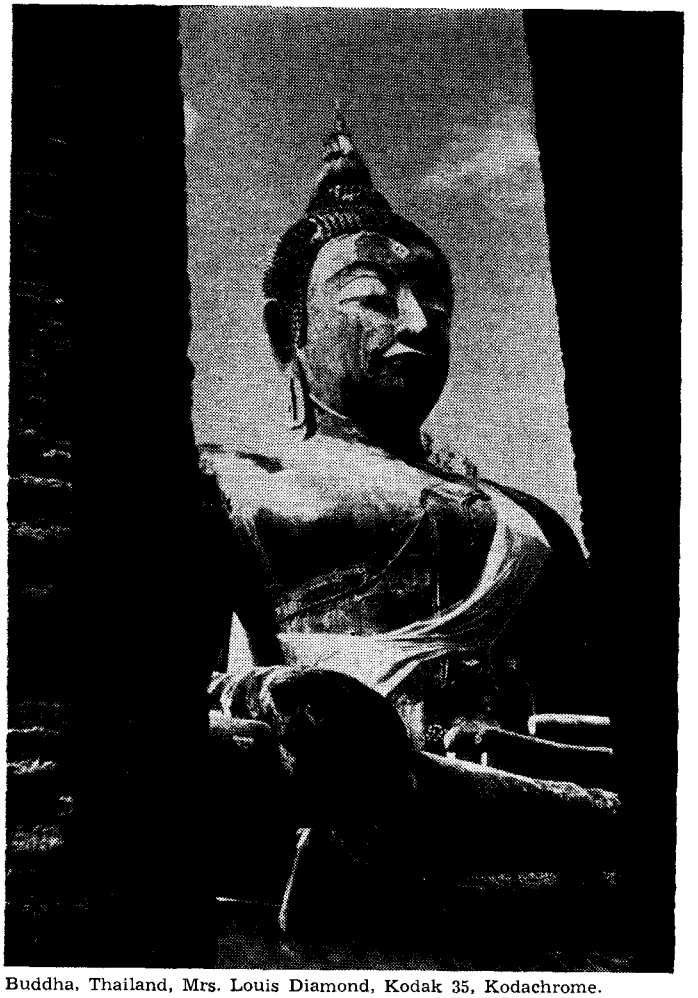
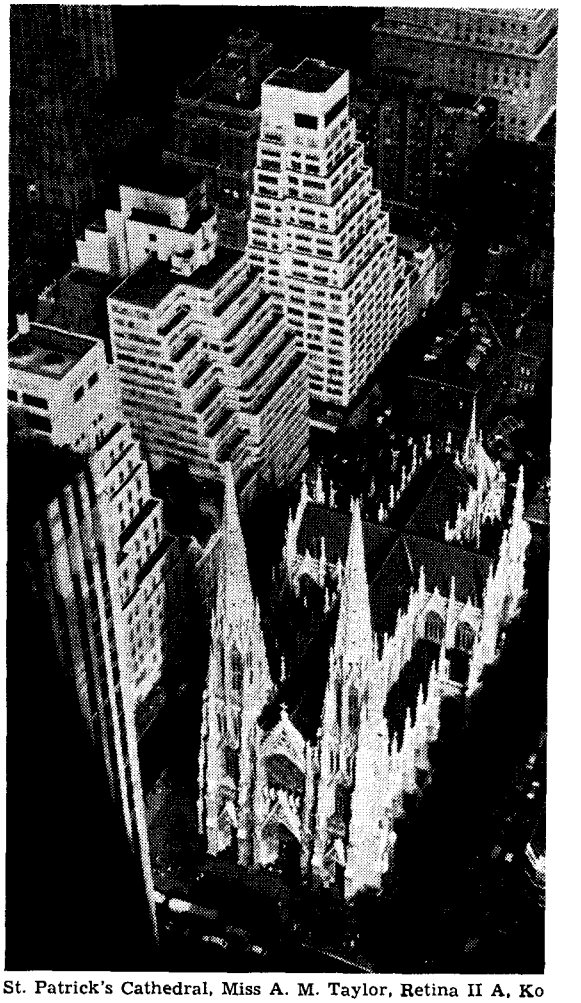


Combing Henequen Fibers, Yucatan, Miss Helen McKenna, Argus C 3, Kodachrom



Buddha, Thailand, Mrs. Louis Diamond, Kodak 35, Kodachrome.



St. Patrick's Cathedral, Miss A. M. Taylor, Retina II A, Ko

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Hindu Temple, Delhi, Mrs. Eva Garson Levy, Canon Plus X.

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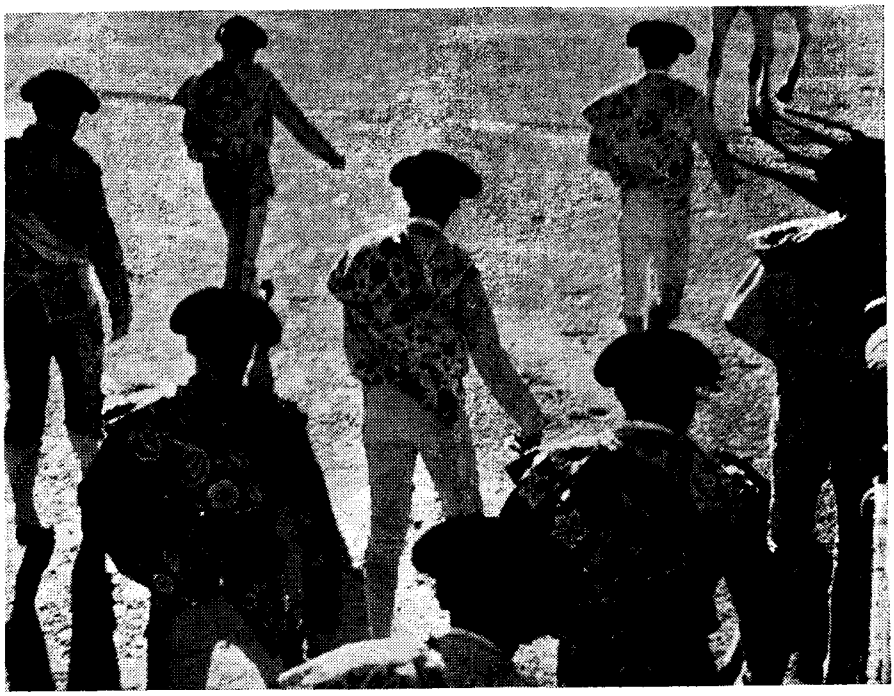

Bullfighters, Seville, Charles G. Pierre, Contax II A, Kodachrome.

Native Girl, Port au Prince,
Capt. Donald D. Julin, Retina II, Kodachrome.

Korean Mother and Child, Dr. William A. Tisdale, Leica III F, Kodac

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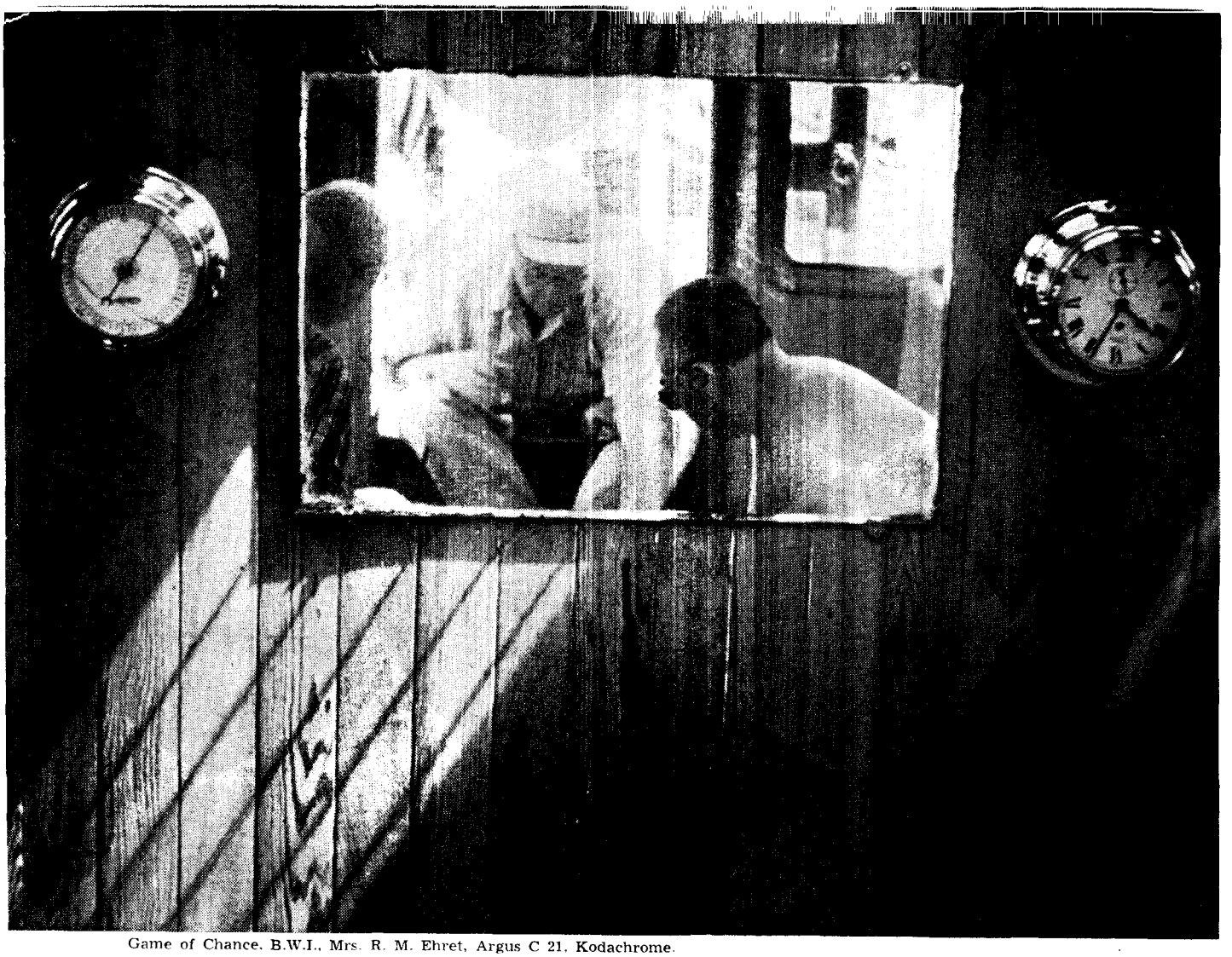

Game of Chance, B.W.I., Mrs. R. M. Ehret, Argus C 21, Kodachrome.

Native girl, San Blas, Elliot Saltzman, Exakta, Kodachrome.

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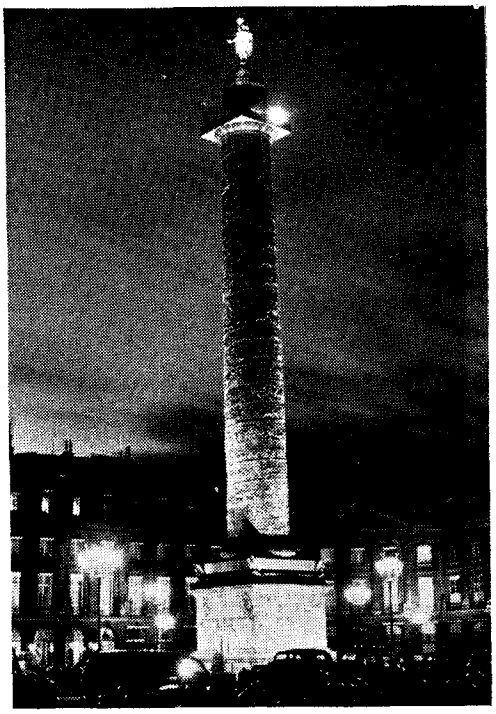
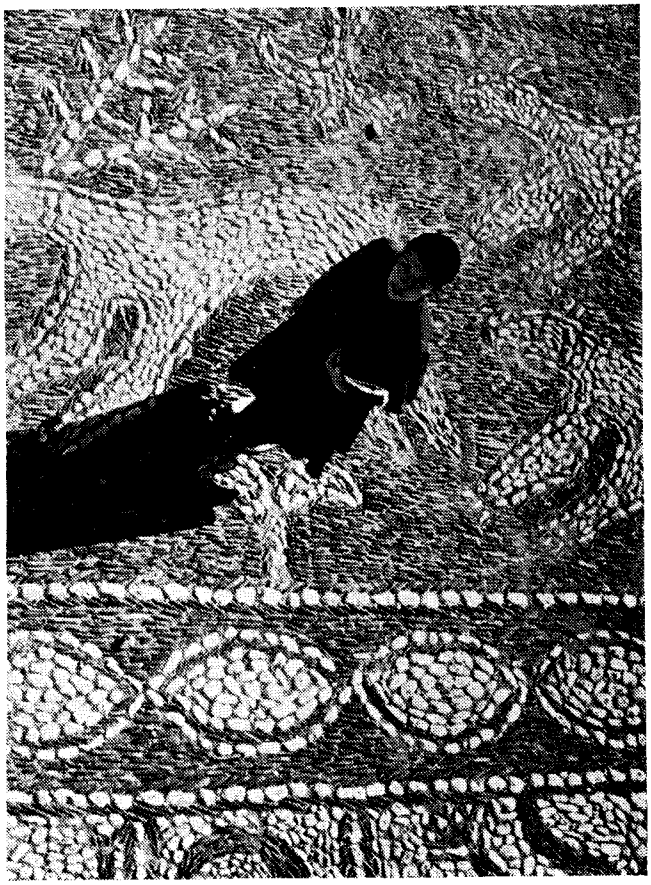
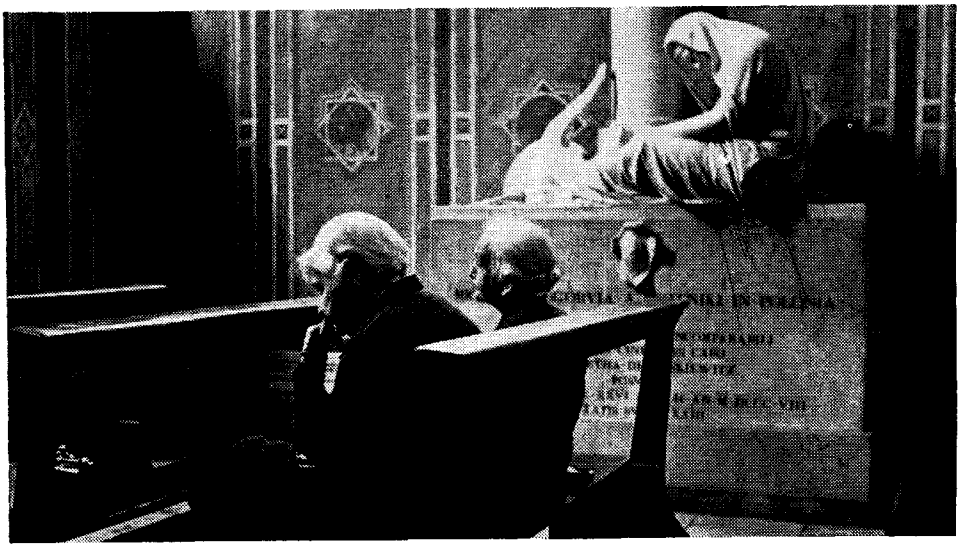


Place Vendome, Mrs. P. M. Sayles,
Argus C 3, Kodachrome.



Mosaic, Granada, Maryette Charlton, Leica, Kodachrome.



Three Women, Sante Croce, James Marshall, Canon, Plus X.

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Airport Waiting Room, Fort Worth. F. B. Grunzweig, Rolleiflex, Plus X.

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JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1 "Messiah," Salt Lake City, Utah. Mummers' Carnival, Johannesburg, S.A.	2 Ancestors' Day, Haiti. Bowl games: El Paso, Miami, New Orleans, Pasadena.	3 London Festival Ballet, Monte Carlo, Monaco. Jan. 1-6.	4 Concert, Munich Philharmonic, Fritz Rieger, Dir. Munich, Germany. Jan. 4, 5.	5 Berg Isel International Ski Jumping Competition, Innsbruck, Austria.	6 Epiphany. Dive for golden crosses in Piraeus, Greece; Tarpon Springs, Fla.	7 Opening match, Ivy Hockey League. Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge, Mass.
8 Slalom competition for men, women, Alpe d'Huez, France.	9 Pennsylvania State Farm Show, Harrisburg, Penna. Jan. 9-13.	10 Feasts of Sts. Goncalo and Christopher, Vila Nova de Gaia, Portugal.	11 Opening session of Riksdag, Sweden's Parliament, Stockholm, Sweden.	12 Fair, twenty-fifth anniversary of Dominican Republic, Ciudad Trujillo, D.R. Jan.-Feb.	13 Forty-sixth Nat. Motorboat Show, Kingsbridge Armory, Bronx, N.Y. Jan. 13-22.	14 International Hahnenkamm Ski Races, Kitzbuehel, Austria. Jan. 14, 15.
15 Burn 40,000 sq. yds. of grass on Mt. Wakakusa, Nara, Japan.	16 Thirty-ninth annual Automobile, Motorcycle Show, Brussels, Belgium. Jan. 15-26.	17 Twenty-sixth Automobile Rally, Monte Carlo, Monaco. Jan. 15-23.	18 Winter Festival — golf, horse-shows, regattas—Malaga, Spain. Jan. 15-Feb. 15.	19 Snow Fun Carnival, winter sports contests, Aspen, Colo. Jan. 19-22.	20 Feast of St. Sebastian, religious processions, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.	21 Fair: handicraft displays, folk activities. San Cristobal, Venezuela. Jan. 20-27.
22 Discovery Day, St. Vincent, British West Indies.	23 Eighth annual Antiques Forum, Williamsburg, Va. Jan. 23-27; Jan. 30-Feb. 3.	24 200th anniversary Mozart's birth: concerts, Salzburg, Austria. Jan. 21-30.	25 Burns Day celebrations, Scotland.	26 Republic Day, India: Military, float parades in New Delhi.	27 Hindu Feast of Thaipussam, Singapore and other cities of the Orient.	28 Cotton the theme of the 1956 Festival of Arts, Birmingham, Ala. Jan. 26-Feb. 18.
29 Opera season in Monte Carlo. Performances Sundays, Tuesdays. Jan.-Mar.	30 Festival of Italian Song, San Remo, Italy. Jan. 28-30.	31 Winter Carnival—parade, sports contests, pageant —St. Paul, Minn. Jan. 27-Feb. 5.				

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1 Winter Olympic Games, Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy. Jan. 26-Feb. 5.	2 Industries, Trade Fair, Barbados, BWI. Feb. 1-7.	3 Feast of Sao Braz, Evora, Lourinha, and Terras do Bouro, Port. Feb. 2-6.	4 Carnival, Nice, France. Feb. 2-16. Flower battles, Feb. 9, 16.
5 Mexican Constitution Day—patriotic observances in Mexico City.	6 Azalea Trail Festival, Mobile, Ala. Feb. 5-March 31. Coronation, Mar. 4.	7 Gasparilla Carnival—"Days of Pirates" perennial theme. Tampa, Fla. Feb. 6-11.	8 Waterloo Cup, prime greyhound coursing trophy, Altcar, Eng. Feb. 8-10.	9 Winter Carnival—folklore, costume parade — Quebec City, Can. Jan. 15-Feb. 14.	10 Mardi Gras Season: Brussels, New Orleans, Rio de Janeiro, Trinidad. Feb. 10-14.	11 "Comparsas," parades on Saturdays, Sundays. Havana, Cuba. Feb. 11-Mar. 10.
12 Youth Day—parades of schoolchildren, athletic contests—Caracas, Venezuela.	13 Chinese New Year. Observed in Hawaii, Hong Kong, San Francisco. Feb. 12-16.	14 Shrove Tuesday Pancake Races, Olney, England, and Liberal, Kansas.	15 Ash Wednesday—March of Penitents in Rome—Italy.	16 $100,000 in prizes, Grand Criterium Pigeon Shoot. Monte Carlo. Feb. 10-Mar. 20.	17 National Travel Show, sponsored by NATO, Chicago, Ill. Feb. 17-26.	18 Nat. AAU Track Championships, Madison Square Garden, New York, N. Y.
19 First Lenten performance of "La Passio," Cervera, Spain. Feb. 19.	20 Austrian Ski Championships, Leinz, East Tyrol, Austria. Feb. 17-Mar. 2.	21 Lemon Festival, Menton, France. Feb. 15-25.	22 Obstacle, cart races mark Washington's Birthday. St. Croix, USVI.	23 British Industries Fair, part I, Earl's Court, London, Eng. Feb. 22-Mar. 2.	24 Holmenkollen International Ski Meet, Oslo, Norway. Feb. 24-Mar. 4.	25 Swedish National Boxing Championship, Stockholm, Sweden. Feb. 24-27.
26 Purim and Adloyada Carnival, Tel Aviv, Israel.	27 International Automobile Show, Forum, Copenhagen, Denmark. Feb. 24-Mar. 4.	28 Kalevala Day—dedicated to Finnish epic poem — Helsinki, Finland.	29 International Six-day Bike Race, Paris, France. Feb. 29-Mar. 4.			

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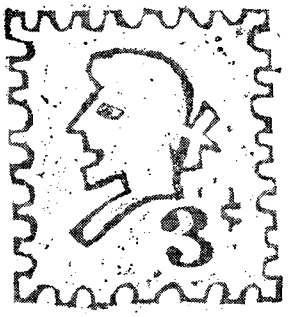
A  +

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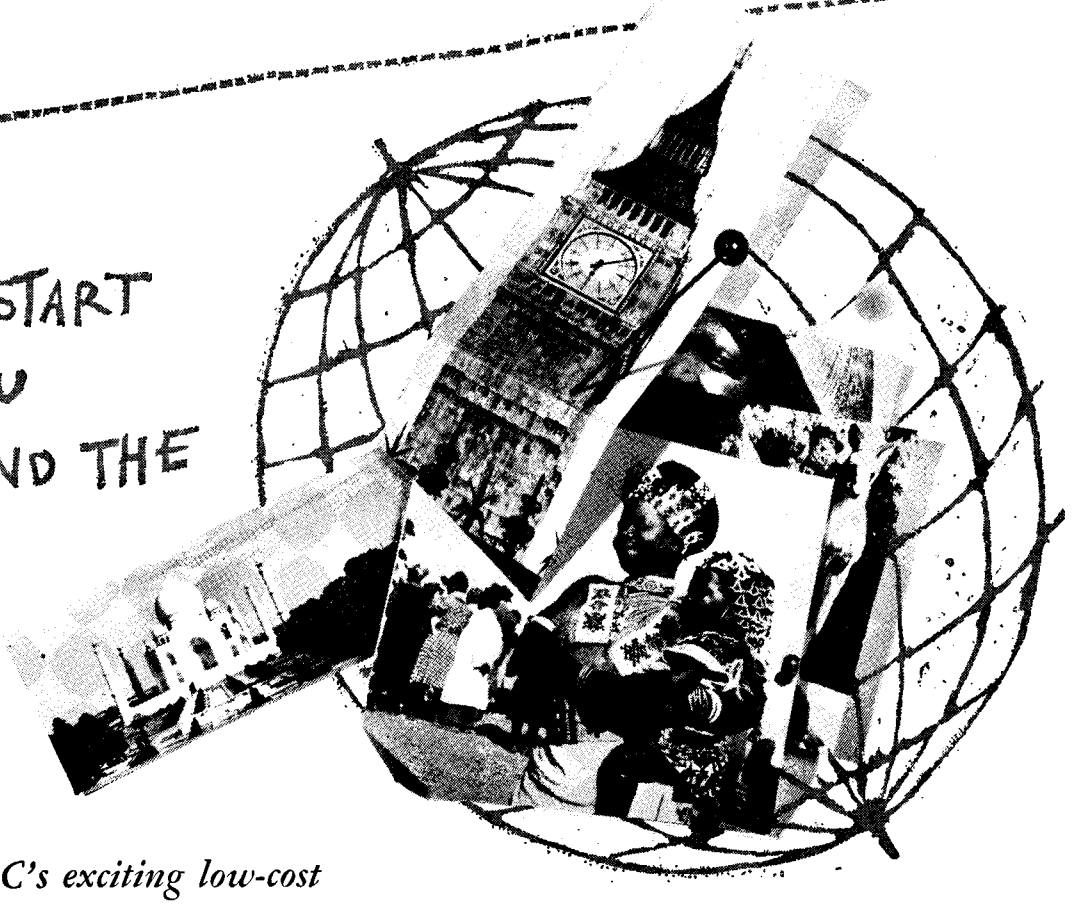

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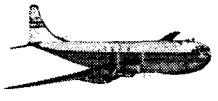

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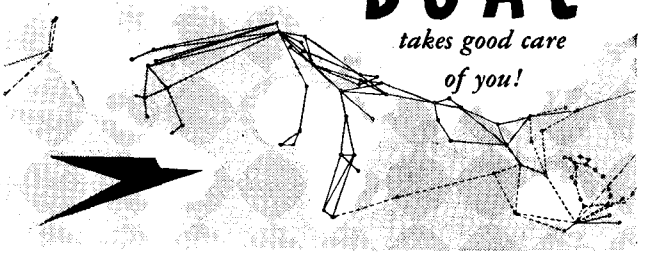

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MARCH

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				1 Chamonix Valley Skiing Grand Prix, Chamonix, France. Mar. 1-5.	2 National Boat, Sports Show, San Francisco, Calif. Mar. 2-11.	3 Japanese Girls' Day—Special music, dances—U. of Hawaii, Honolulu.
4 Vasa Ski Race, Salen to Mora, Major annual skiing event in Sweden.	5 American Bowling Congress, Rochester, N. Y. Mar. 3-May 31.	6 International Ski Jumping championship, Planica, Yugoslavia.	7 Tenth annual Garden Symposiums, Williamsburg, Va. Mar. 7-9; Mar. 12-14.	8 German Fairs: Cologne, Mar. 2-4; 11-13. Frankfurt, Mar. 4-8.	9 Twenty-sixth International Automobile Salon, Geneva, Switzerland. Mar. 8-18.	10 Mahashivaratri — Feast of Lord Shiva—India. Main celebration in Banaras.
11 Women Titleholders' Golf Match, Augusta, Ga. Mar. 8-11.	12 International Ski Flying, Mitterndorf, Austria. Mar. 10-13.	13 "Fallas," major fiesta in honor of St. Joseph. Valencia, Spain. Mar. 11-19.	14 Canadian National Sportsmen's Show, Toronto, Canada. Mar. 9-17.	15 Olympic Trials for U. S. Equestrian Team, Tryon, N. C. Mar. 15-25.	16 Roch Cup Skiing Races, Aspen, Colorado. Mar. 16-18.	17 St. Patrick's Day, Cultural, industrial parade. Dublin, Ireland.
18 "Photokina" — international photo exposition — Cologne, Germany. Mar. 17-25.	19 College Weeks, including Rugby Week, Bermuda. Mar. 16-Apr. 8.	20 Nineteenth Nat. Intercollegiate Basketball Tournament, New York City. Mar. 17-24.	21 International Fair, Technical Section, Copenhagen, Denmark. Mar. 17-25.	22 "Keukenhof" Spring Flower Show, Lisse, Holland. Mar. 15-May 15.	23 Grand National Steeplechases, Aintree, Liverpool, England. Mar. 23 or 24.	24 Sixteenth annual Harriman Cup Skiing Race, Sun Valley, Idaho. Mar. 24, 25.
25 National Day — Military parades, dances — Athens, Greece. Parade in New York.	26 International Spring Trade Fair, Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Mar. 26-Apr. 3.	27 Pessach—Feast of the Passover—throughout Israel. Mar. 27-Apr. 2.	28 Rand Easter Show, Johannesburg, South Africa. Mar. 28-Apr. 3.	29 "Messiah" Festival, Lindsborg, Kansas. Mar. 25-Apr. 1.	30 Good Friday—cross carried on Via Dolorosa — Jerusalem, Jordan.	31 Thirteenth Western States Am. Legion Jr. Skiing Championship. Sun Valley, I. Mar. 30-

APRIL

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1 Easter. Sunrise services in California, Colorado, North Carolina.	2 Swimming Marathon, Barbados, BWI. Major steeplechase. S. Oakbank, Australia.	3 Royal Easter Show—sports contests—Sydney, Australia. Apr. 1-7.	4 Floral Pageant—Parade of flower-decorated floats—Bermuda.	5 Tour of old homes, Annapolis, Md. Apr. 5, 6.	6 Chakri Day—Public honors the memory of kings—Thailand, Siam.	7 Cherry Blossom Festival — Parade, coronation, dances—Washington, D. C. Apr. 3-8.
8 Azalea Festival — Parade, tours, exhibits, dances—Wilmington, N. C. Apr. 5-8.	9 International Trade Fair, Lyon, France. Apr. 7-16.	10 International Film Festival, Cannes, France. Apr. 10-22.	11 Fourteenth annual Game-Fishing Tournament, Bermuda. Apr. 1-Oct. 31.	12 XXXIV International Samples Fair, Milan, Italy. Apr. 12-27.	13 Shakespeare Festival, Stratford-on-Avon, England. Apr.-Oct.	14 International Film Festival, San Remo, Italy. Apr. 14-16.
15 Fortieth annual Swiss Industries Fair, Basel, Switzerland. Apr. 14-24.	16 Israel's Independence Day. Major celebrations in Haifa, Tel Aviv.	17 Wine Fair, Grevenmacher, Luxembourg. Apr. 10-20.	18 Fair, Spring Festival — Folk dancing, bullfights — Seville, Spain. Apr. 18-23.	19 Battle of Flowers, San Antonio, Tex. Apr. 19-24.	20 $1,000 in prizes, fishing contest. Hot Springs, Ark. Apr. 20-May 2.	21 Queen Elizabeth II's natural birthday—parades, dances—BWI.
22 Historic Garden Week in Virginia. Apr. 18-24.	23 British Industries Fair, Part II, Birmingham and London. Apr. 23-May 4.	24 Aspendos Festival—drama in Roman amphitheatre—Antalya, Turkey.	25 Anzac Day — Patriotic, sports programs—throughout New Zealand.	26 Spring Fiesta—Folk dancing, singing, handicrafts—Aquascalientes, Mexico.	27 Penn Relay Carnival, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Pa. Apr. 27, 28.	28 International Yacht Race Weeks, Bermuda. Apr. 23-May 6.
29 Maryland House, Garden Pilgrimage, Statewide. Apr. 27-May 10.	30 May Festival—artists of many lands perform—Wiesbaden, Germ. Apr. 28-May 27.					

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MAY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		1 May Day — crown Queen of Flowers —St. Lucia, BWI. Lei Day, Hawaii.	2 Musical May—ballet, concerts, opera —Florence, Italy. May 2-June 30.	3 Feast of the Year Bearer — religious celebration — Jacaltenango, Guatemala.	4 Folk Festival — dances of many lands — Washington, D.C. May 3-5.	5 Anniversary of Mexican victory over France, Mexico. Kentucky Derby, Louisville.
6 American Music Festival, National Gallery, Washington, D.C. May 6-June 3.	7 Procession of the Holy Blood — ancient religious observance — Bruges, Belg.	8 Cotton Carnival—parades, style shows — Memphis, Tenn. May 15-19.	9 An Toastal — annual "Ireland at Home" Festival—throughout Ireland. May 6-21.	10 International Fair, Paris, France. May 5-21.	11 Kentucky Open House, Frankfort, Lexington, Louisville, Ky. May 11-13.	12 Operas mark birthday of Kwan Kyen. Hong Kong.
13 Pilgrimage to Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima, Fatima, Portugal.	14 Ballet, Drama, Music Festival, Bordeaux, France. May 10-20.	15 Hollyhock Festival, Kamo Shrines, Kyoto, Japan.	16 Fifty-fourth Intercollegiate Rowing Assn. Championship, Syracuse, N. Y.	17 Constitution Day—Children's parade —Oslo, Norway.	18 Thirty-third International Sample Fair, Valencia, Spain. May 10-25.	19 Beethoven Festival, Bonn, Germany. May 14-26.
20 Royal Danish Ballet Festival, Copenhagen, Denmark. May 20-26.	21 Day of Our Lady of Lujan—pilgrimage to Lujan, Argentina — near Buenos Aires.	22 Chelsea Flower Show, Royal Chelsea Hospital Grounds, London, Eng. May 22-25.	23 Turkish Wrestling Championships, Kirkpinar, Turkey. May 21-25.	24 2,500th birthday of Lord Duddh, Observances throughout India.	25 Gypsies' Pilgrimage, Sts.-Maries-de-la-Mer, France. May 24, 25.	26 Aegean folk dance festival, Bergama, Turkey. May 26, 27.
27 Bergen Festival of Drama, Folklore, Music, Bergen, Norway. May 25-June 7.	28 Apple Blossom Festival, Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia. May 25-June 5.	29 "Master Quaff of Rothenburg," Rothenburg, Germany. May 28-30.	30 Joan of Arc Festival, Rouen, France. 500-mile Auto Race, Indianapolis, Ind.	31 Trooping the Color on Queen's official birthday, London.		

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1 Royal Tournament — equestrian competitions — Earl's Court, London. June 1-18.	2 Queen's birthday celebration, Fiji. June 1-7.
3 Science of Music Congress, Vienna, Austria. June 3-9.	4 Stockholm Festival — drama, music, art show — Stockholm, Sweden. June 3-13.	5 World Festival of Contemporary Music, Stockholm, Sweden. June 3-10.	6 The Derby—traditional horse race usually attended by royalty—Epsom Downs, Eng.	7 Rose Festival, Portland, Ore. June 6-10.	8 Curtis Cup—Women's amateur golf match — Sandwich, Eng. June 8, 9.	9 Fifth Annual Arts Festival—dance, drama, opera — Boston, Mass. June 9-23.
10 Fifth annual Cantonal Costumes Festival, Schwyz, Switzerland.	11 Sibelius Festival, Helsinki, Finland. June 8-16.	12 Feast of St. Anthony, Lisbon, Portugal. June 12, 13.	13 Dragon Boat Day — races for flags, money — Hong Kong.	14 USGA National Open Golf Championship, Rochester, N. Y. June 14-16.	15 350th birthday of Rembrandt — Imposing exhibits of his work—Amsterdam, Hol.	16 International Fair, Bordeaux, France. June 10-25.
17 Olympic Games Equestrian Contests, Stockholm, Sweden. June 10-17.	18 23rd Samples Fair, Barcelona, Spain. June 10-25.	19 Royal Ascot Meeting — great social event—Ascot, Eng. June 19-22.	20 Holland Festival of Music, Amsterdam, The Hague, Hol. June 15-July 15.	21 Mexican Folk Dance Festival, Tehuantepec, Mexico. June 20-25.	22 Armed Forces Day —military parade, exhibits — Ciudad Trujillo, Dom. Rep.	23 San Juan Bautista Day — parade, songfest honor patron saint — San Juan, P.R.
24 National Day—Patriotic observance—Thailand.	25 Wimbledon Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, London, Eng. June 25-July 7.	26 Sixth International Film Festival, Berlin, Germany. June 22-July 3.	27 Sixth International Design Conference, Aspen, Colo. June 23-July 1.	28 "The Common Glory," Williamsburg, Va. June 27-Sept. 2. (Except Mons.)	29 Aspen Summer Festival — concerts, conferences—Aspen, Colo. June 26-Sept. 3.	30 Jazz, Folk Music Concerts, Lenox, Mass. June 30-Sept. 3.

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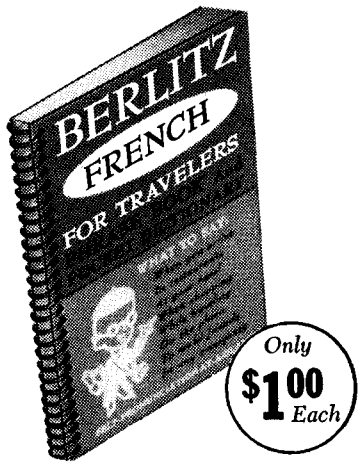

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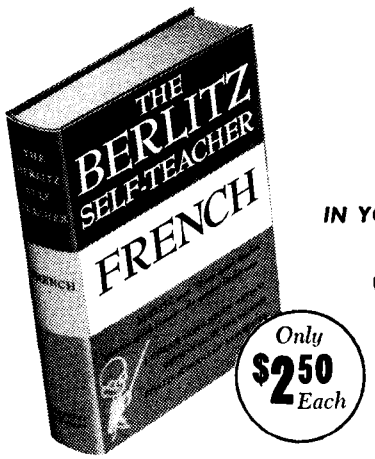

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JULY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1 Earl Grey Shakespeare Festival, Trinity Col., Toronto, Canada. June 25-July 30.	2 Glyndebourne Opera Festival, Lewes, England. June 15-July 31.	3 Summer Festival, Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. July-Aug.	4 American Independence—major celebrations in Philadelphia; Rebuild, Den.	5 British Open Golf Championship, Hoylake, Ches., England. July 2-6.	6 Shakespeare Festival, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, O. July 1-Sept. 15.	7 July Handicap—fashionable high point of winter season — Durban, South Africa.
8 Classical Music Festival, Newport, R.I. July 8, 29; Aug. 18, 19.	9 Ratha Jattra—Car Festival — Jagannath Puri, India.	10 USGA Amateur Public Links Championship, San Francisco, Calif. July 9-14.	11 Wild horse chase; Japanese rodeo, Soma, Japan. July 11-13.	12 National Cherry Festival, Traverse City, Mich. July 11-13.	13 Country Dance Festival, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass.	14 "The Fete"—Bastille Day celebration in New Caledonia and Tahiti.
15 King Salmon Derby, Juneau, Alaska. June 15-22.	16 Shembe Religious Festival — Zulu observance — Inanda, near Durban, S.A. July 16-22.	17 Empire State Music Festival, Ellenville, N.Y. July 15-Aug. 15.	18 "Road to Heaven" — an allegorical play — Leksand, Sweden. July 15-25.	19 International Industries, Trade Fair. Luxembourg. July 7-28.	20 Wagner Festival—"Ring" cycle featured — Bayreuth, Germany. July 20-Aug. 19.	21 Stratford Shakespearean Festival, Stratford, Canada. June 25-Aug. 25.
22 Austrian Music Fests: Bregenz, July 21-Aug. 15. Salzburg, July 22-Aug. 30.	23 Dance Festival, Jacob's Pillow, Lee, Mass. July-Aug.	24 "La Fachada"—religious procession, fireworks—Santiago de Compostela, Spain.	25 Festival of the Arts, Laguna Beach, California. July 20-Aug. 14.	26 USGA Women's Open Golf Championship, Duluth, Minn. July 26-28.	27 Seafair — boat races, parade, aquatic events — Seattle, Wash. July 27-Aug. 5.	28 Shrimp Festival — parades, shrimp boil, coronation — Biloxi, Miss. July 28, 29.
29 Bonfires, folk dancing mark St. Olav's Day in Norway.	30 Feast of the Savior —Religious observance, folk fair—El Salvador. July 24-Aug. 5.	31 Royal Dublin Society Horse Show, Dublin, Ireland. July 31-Aug. 4.				

AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
5 Gaelic Mod—Scottish-type festival—St. Ann, Nova Scotia. Aug. 2-6.	6 "Kanto" Festival in which bamboo poles, lanterns are balanced, Akita, Japan.	7 Festival Concerts—Bohm and Rieger conducting—Munich, Germany. Aug. 5-8.	1 Shakespeare Festival—four plays—Ashland, Ore. Aug. 1-31.	2 Feast of Our Lady of Copacabana, Copacabana, Bolivia, Aug. 1-7.	3 Fiesta honors Santo Domingo, patron of Nicaragua, Managua, Nica. Aug. 1-10.	4 Winegrowers' Festival — pageant, four-act play—Vevey, Switzerland. Aug. 1-14.
12 Soap Box Derby, Akron, Ohio. $1,000 Fishing Contest. Livingston, Mont.	13 Festival of Fruits —costume dances —Juchitan, Mexico. Aug. 13-16.	14 "Mystery of Elche" —religious drama —Elche, Spain. Aug. 14, 15.	15 Kwang Bok Zol—Liberation Day; —Republic Day. Korea.	16 American Dance Festival — Conn. Col. School of Dance—New London, Conn.	17 Opera Festival—Mozart, Strauss, Wagner—Munich, Germany. Aug. 10-Sept. 9.	18 Muharram — Muslim tribute to Imam Hussain, martyr—Lucknow, India.
19 Edinburgh International Festival, Edinburgh, Scotland. Aug. 19-Sept. 8.	20 USGA Sr. Amateur Golf Championship, St. Paul, Minn. Aug. 20-25.	21 International Trade Fair, Izmir, Turkey. Aug. 20-Sept. 20.	22 Scandinavian Design Cavalcade, Four Scandinavian countries. Aug. 20-Oct. 18.	23 Pacific National Exhibition, Vancouver, Canada. Aug. 22-Sept. 3.	24 Teen-agers' Festival, Worms-on-Rhine, Germany. Aug. 25-Sept. 2.	25 Wedding of the Giants — folklore festivities — Ath, Belgium.
26 Horse racing Grand Prix, Deauville, France. Prize regatta. Biarritz, France.	27 USGA Girls' Jr. Golf Championship, Toledo, Ohio. Aug. 27-31.	28 Grand Week—tennis championships, horse races—Baden Baden, Germ. Aug. 24-31.	29 International Film Festival, Venice, Italy. Aug. 20-Sept. 10.	30 St. Rosa de Lima Day — procession honors patroness —Lima, Peru.	31 Viking Rally—1,100-mile automobile race—Oslo, Norway.	

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SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
						1 Azalea Week, Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa. Sept. 1-9.
2 Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Canada. Aug. 24-Sept. 8.	3 Folk Dance Festival, Istanbul, Turkey. Sept. 1-14.	4 Three Choirs Festival, Gloucester, England. Sept. 2-8.	5 Congress of All Europe Movement, Vienna, Austria. Sept. 5-9.	6 Rosh Hashana, Jewish New Year—seashore ceremony—Tel Aviv, Israel. Sept. 6, 7.	7 Music Festival, Coonamessett, N. Falmouth, Mass. Sept. 7-9; 14-16.	8 Ganesh Chaturthi—salute God of Prosperity—Bombay, India.
9 Feast of Our Lady of Nazar, Nazare, Portugal. Sept. 8-18.	10 USGA National Amateur Championship, Lake Forest, Ill. Sept. 10-15.	11 Grape-gathering harvest festival, Jerez de la Frontera, Spain. Sept. 11-14.	12 International Fair of Flanders, Ghent, Belgium. Sept. 10-25.	13 Round-up—One of top rodeos in the West—Pendleton, Oregon. Sept. 13-15.	14 Berlin Festival—Concerts, drama, opera—Berlin, Germany. Sept. 13-Oct. 2.	15 The Rhine Aflame—illuminations, fireworks — St. Goar, Germany.
16 Seventieth anniversary celebration; air races. Johannesburg, S. A. Sept. 16-Oct. 27.	17 USGA Women's National Amateur Championship, Indianapolis, Ind. Sept. 17-22.	18 Wine Festival, Opatija, Yugoslavia. Sept. 18-Oct. 8.	19 Fiestas de la Patria—independence celebration—Santiago, Chile. Sept. 18-20.	20 "Comptoir Suisse"—Agricultural, trade fair — Lausanne, Switzerland. Sept. 8-23.	21 Spring Festival—athletic events, folk dances—Asunción, Paraguay.	22 Oktoberfest—famous beer festival—Munich, Germany. Sept. 22-Oct. 7.
23 Gaelic Football, All-Ireland Sr., Minor Finals. Dublin, Ireland.	24 Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, Santo Cerra, Dominican Republic.	25 Prix d'Automne Golf Match, Monte Carlo, Monaco. Sept. 23-27.	26 Seventh annual Apple Harvest Festival, Charlottesville, Va. Sept. 26-28.	27 Sacred Music Festival of Umbria, Perugia, Italy. Sept. 25-Oct. 4.	28 Twelfth International Contest for Musical Performers, Geneva, Switz. Sept. 20-30.	29 Fete, Pilgrimage, Mont-St.-Michel, France.
30 Indian Sports Contests, Taos Pueblo,						

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	1 Grand Prix Cycling Race, Zurich, Switzerland.	2 Annual Foodstuffs Show, Palais du Centenaire, Brussels, Belgium. Oct. 1-16.	3 Eighth annual Tobacco Festival. Exhibits, sports, dances. Richmond, Va. Oct. 3-6.	4 Feast of St. Francis of Assisi—pilgrimages—Assisi, Ital.	5 Opening game, professional baseball league of Cuba, Havana. Season: Oct.-Mar.	6 Lorelei Festival, St. Goarshausen-on-Rhine, Germany. Oct. 6, 7.
7 Okunchi Festival—Dances, processions — Suwa Shrine, Nagasaki, Japan.	8 Motor Car, Cycle Show, Paris, France. Oct. 4-14.	9 Fair of Our Lady of Piety—cattle featured—Santarém, Portugal. Oct. 7-21.	10 Eighth "Femina" Fashion—household fair—Rotterdam, Holland. Oct. 1-10.	11 Durga Puja—religious feast, procession on last day Calcutta, Ind. Oct. 11-13.	12 Feast of Our Lady of the Pillar—Grand Rosary—Saragossa, Spain. Oct. 11-18.	13 Ninth Ozark Folk Festival, Eureka Springs, Ark. Oct. 11-13.
14 An tOireachtas—cultural festival—Dublin, Ireland. Oct. 11-Nov. 4.	15 Neopolitan Comic Opera, Royal Palace, Naples, Italy. Oct. 1-25.	16 Religious and historical pageantry, Ciudad Guzman, Mexico. Oct. 15-22.	17 Aloha Week, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. Oct. 15-22.	18 Alaska Day—patriotic, carnival celebrations in Sitka —Oct. 18, 19.	19 Autumn Plantations Pilgrimage, Charles City, Va. Oct. 19-21.	20 International Automobile Show, Earl's Court, London, Eng. Oct. 17-27.
21 Norwegian Football Cup Final, Oslo, Norway.	22 West German Documentary Film Festival, Oberhausen, Germany.	23 Chulalongkorn Day — Tribute to popular king—Bangkok, Thailand.	24 Feast of San Rafael Arcángel, Quebradillas, Puerto Rico.	25 Newbury Steeplechase, Berkshire, England.	26 St. Hubert's Day. Hunting Festivals throughout France.	27 Annual colorful coffee harvesting, Puerto Rico.
28 International Festival of Music, Art, Wexford, Ireland. Oct. 28-Nov. 4.	29 Anniversary of Turkish Republic—military parade—Ankara, Turkey.	30 Third annual Book Festival, Southwestern at Memphis, Tenn. Oct. 30-Nov. 2.	31 Halloween — day-long community celebration — Annaheim, Calif.			

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NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				1 Diwali — Festival of Lights, a Hindu feast—India.	2 Proclaim winner of the Nine Muses Prize, Naples, Italy.	3 St. Hubert's Day bless horses, hunting dogs — Belgium.
4 Wheat Pool Fair, Regina, Canada. Nov. 1-10.	5 Gastronomic Fair — finest foods of France — Dijon, France. Nov. 3-18.	6 Baseball season featuring American players, Havana, Cuba. Nov.-March.	7 Lord Mayor's Show —new Lord Mayor rides to inaugural —London, England.	8 German Technical Import Fair, Rotterdam, Holland. Nov. 8-18.	9 Fiesta, Bage, Brazil. November 8-10.	10 Regional Fair of St. Martin, Galega, Portugal. Similar fairs in Germany.
11 Cuerpos Santos — Bullfight at night, midnight procession — Medinaceli, Spain.	12 Royal Agricultural Fair, Toronto, Canada. Nov. 9-17.	13 Home, Garden Fair — Some thirty towns compete— Antiqua, B.W.I.	14 Diwali—Festival of Lights—Throughout India.	15 Traditional Christmas festivities, Williamsburg, Va. Dec. 15-25.	16 Dom — largest Christmas mart in North Germany, Hamburg, Germ. Nov.-Dec.	17 Les Trois Glorieuses—wine festival — Beaune, France. Nov. 17-19.
18 Salute Prince Charles's birthday with concert, Antiqua, BWI.	19 Fete Nationale— parade, fireworks, concert — Monte Carlo, Monaco.	20 Revolution of 1910 Anniversary — parades, pageant — Mexico City, Mexico.	21 Feast of Virgin of El Quinche, Ecuador—Indians' major religious holiday.	22 Olympic Games, Melbourne, Australia. Nov. 22-Dec. 8.	23 Indian Industries Fair, New Delhi, India. Nov. 5-Dec. 15.	24 Grey Cup Canadian Football Final, Vancouver, Canada.
25 Christmas Fair, City Hall, Stockholm, Sweden.	26 International Livestock Exposition, Horse Show, Chicago, Ill. Nov 24-30.	27 Liberation Anniversary — patriotic celebration — Beirut, Lebanon. Nov. 22-30.	28 Movie star's Santa Claus Parade, Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.	29 Chanukah—Jewish Feast of Lights — throughout Israel.	30 Tenth annual All Southland Band Review, Huntington Beach, Calif.	

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
						1 Independence Day —patriotic celebrations, speeches — Iceland.
2 Smithfield Show— agricultural machinery, farm features—London, Eng. Dec. 2-7.	3 Speed Week — third annual Trophy Road Race — Nassau. Dec. 3-9.	4 Kris Kringle Marts, Nuremberg, Germany. Dec. 4-24.	5 King's Birthday attracts many notables, Thailand.	6 Finnish Musical Week, Helsinki, Finland. Dec. 2-8. Sibelius's birthday Dec. 8.	7 Christmas pantomime — Pageant, play — Hamilton, Bermuda. Dec. 3-10.	8 Saturday Art Mart, Open-air art show, Waikiki, H.I. Dec. 1-29.
9 National Poultry Show, Odense, Denmark. Dec. 8, 9.	10 Present Nobel Prizes. Peace Prize in Oslo; four others in Stockholm.	11 Christmas Fair, Marseilles, France. Dec. 8-18.	12 Guadalupe Day, Mexicans, visitors crowd shrine near Mexico City.	13 Queen of Light Festival—old Swedish custom—Sweden.	14 Year-end markets at shrines, temples in Japan. Dec. 14-31.	15 Steeplechase Meets — towns in Surrey and Warwickshire—England. Dec. 8-17.
16 Posadas — Mexican Christmas play — Oaxaca and Queretaro, Mexico. Dec. 16-24.	17 Pageant of Peace, Washington, D. C. Dec. 16-Jan. 6.	18 Fiesta of St. Thomas, Chichicastenango, Guatemala. Dec. 18-21.	19 Nuts Fair, Bastogne, Belgium.	20 Christmas plays, Amalfi, Naples, and Taormina, Italy. Dec. 20-24.	21 Basques' Christmas Reunion Party, Boise, Idaho.	22 Caroling Street Cars, Washington, D. C. Dec. 22, 23.
23 Yule Log Hunt, Fire, Palmer Lake, Colorado.	24 Shepherds' Field Service — Special meal, hymns — Jerusalem, Jordan.	25 Christmas — pilgrimage to Bethlehem—Jordan.	26 Day after Christmas parade—fireworks — St. Croix, U.S.V.I.	27 Final day of Davis Cup Tennis Matches, an Australian city. Dec. 25-27.	28 Maori Concerts, Polynesian singing, dancing, Rotosua, N. Z. Weds., Sats.	29 Mid-Winter Sports Carnival Basketball Championship. N. O., La. Dec. 29, 30.
30 Sixth International Tennis Tournament, Valencia, Spain. Dec. 27-Jan. 2.	31 International Ice Hockey Tournament, Davos, Switzerland. Dec. 28-31.					

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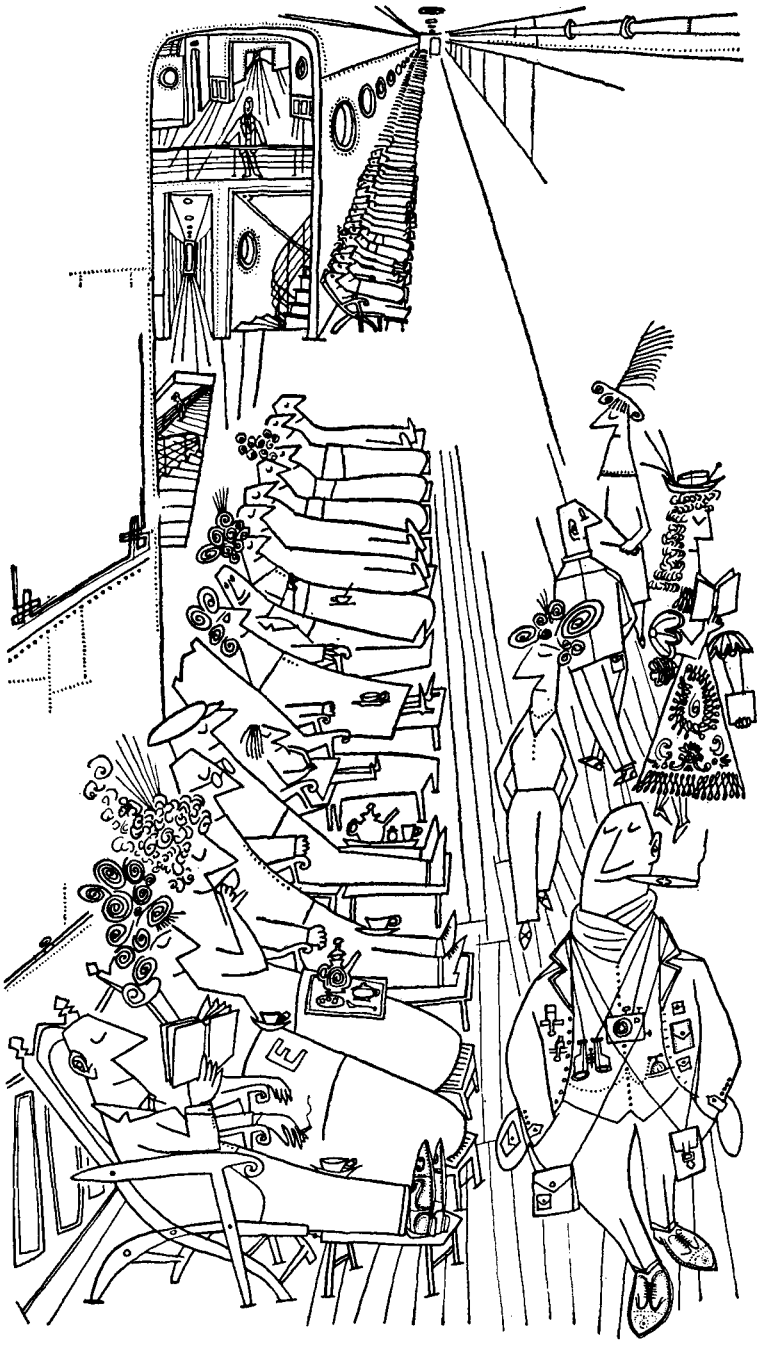
BRINGING UP FATHER, ABROAD

By ROBERT BUCKNER



—By Saul Steinberg, from "The Art of Living" (Harper).

FOR the past two years I have worked in Europe, covering some 25,000 miles for my firm, accompanied by my wife and two children. Otherwise I am fairly normal, except for a slight twitch which they say will eventually go away.

Before leaving America I was told by our treasurer to keep a careful record for the purpose of income-tax, itemizing every expense and saving all receipts. But at night after the figures were dutifully entered I began using the blank space on each page to record various observations or experiences which had occurred during the day. My main idea in this was less to keep a diary than to distract the tax-examiner from any possible suspicion that my figures were fictional by providing him with more fascinating deductions.

But now, after returning home and for the first time re-reading these notes, it strikes me that they may contain some things of interest for a wider public, especially those of you who might some day tour Europe on business or for pleasure. So before they become buried forever in the Department of Internal Revenue's files I have removed a few selected items. They will not be found, I think, in any of the existing guidebooks. But perhaps one composed entirely of such helpful hints is long overdue. In any case here they are, torn from the troubled accounts of a traveling salesman.

LONDON: Never arrange to meet your wife on a corner in Mayfair, not at any hour of the day or night. Every corner in this Bond Street area belongs to a girl who has squatters' rights. They are usually as well-dressed as your wife and are sometimes better-looking. This can lead to difficult situations. Either some man tries to pick up your wife or another woman tells her to move on, dearie. And if you get there first it can be even worse, unless you are rude. Englishmen avoid this confusion by meeting their wives in tea-rooms and only their intimate friends on the corners.

PARIS: When stopping in Paris with children there is often a question of what to do with them at night, especially if they are a typical pair of American teen-agers like mine. If you turn them loose on their own or let them go to a French movie they are likely to return far more stimulated than you and harder to get to sleep. So it is probably wiser to give a boy a ticket to the *Folies-Bergère* before he sneaks off to it himself. Putting nudity on the parent-approved list removes most of its novelty and he will not understand the songs anyway. A girl of sixteen or more you had better take with you and hope that you may run into some nice American boy. The chances are that the latter will be low in funds, so he will not risk losing a meal-ticket by making passes;

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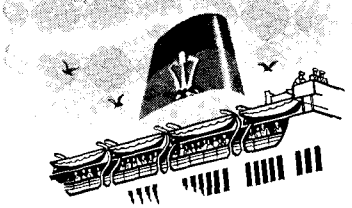

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of course, if he *has* ample funds he may be a potential son-in-law. These are the calculated risks any father must take. But if you let a girl run around with European men there is always a possibility of their mercenary motives.

ROME: The best way to stop your wife or daughter from being pinched in the streets is to walk up behind them and do it yourself. When they cease to look around indignantly you will know it is high time for all of you to leave town. But they must be convinced that you knew it was them.

CANNES: If you have any business reasons to visit the Riviera you will be very conspicuous. The only real workers here are on the beach, and appointments can be made by raising an eyebrow or dropping a traveler's check. The Palm Beach Casino here is famous for being owned by an honest Greek gentleman, but you cannot trust his customers if you win. The best place to eat is *Mere Tarrat's* at Napoule Plage, but only *if mama is there, and the most reasonable* hotel hasn't been built yet. If the U.S. Mediterranean Fleet arrives while you're in Cannes the safest place to be is in Nice, and for your daughter incommunicado.

STOCKHOLM: The most beautiful girls in the world work in a department store called the *Nordiske Companiat,* whose manager must be related to the late Flo Ziegfeld or an early Sultan. The negligee section is said to be very good, but a young attache of the American Embassy informs me that the perfume counter is even more exciting. However, my wife was along so I cannot vouch for this. While being dragged out I did notice a nice display in the doll department, the first doll on the left near the door, as I recall.

GENEVA: The finest schools in Europe for children are undoubtedly here in Switzerland, but we have picked the wrong ones. In two years all Bob has learned is how to ski and change the clutch on a 1938 Citroen. Sharon's education is a slight improvement: she knows how to make a cheese fondue. When we return to Southern California—with no snow, no Citroen, and perhaps no high-school credits given for fondues—this may put them back a grade. On the other hand, from what we hear of the latest advances in progressive education at home it might put them at the head of their classes. We can only hope.

BAD GASTEIN: We came here to Austria to give the family a White Christ-

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mas and to take the famous radioactive baths. So far both have exceeded the advertisements. An avalanche has isolated us from all food supplies for five days, but I have my eye on a German countess with built-in dumplings. These baths are supposed to invigorate your nerves, and indeed they must, for tonight I waltzed for almost an hour with a stunning Viennese blonde whose husband is not here. On returning to my table it was suggested that I am a little too radioactive. Perhaps the dosage is hard to control but it was fun while it lasted.

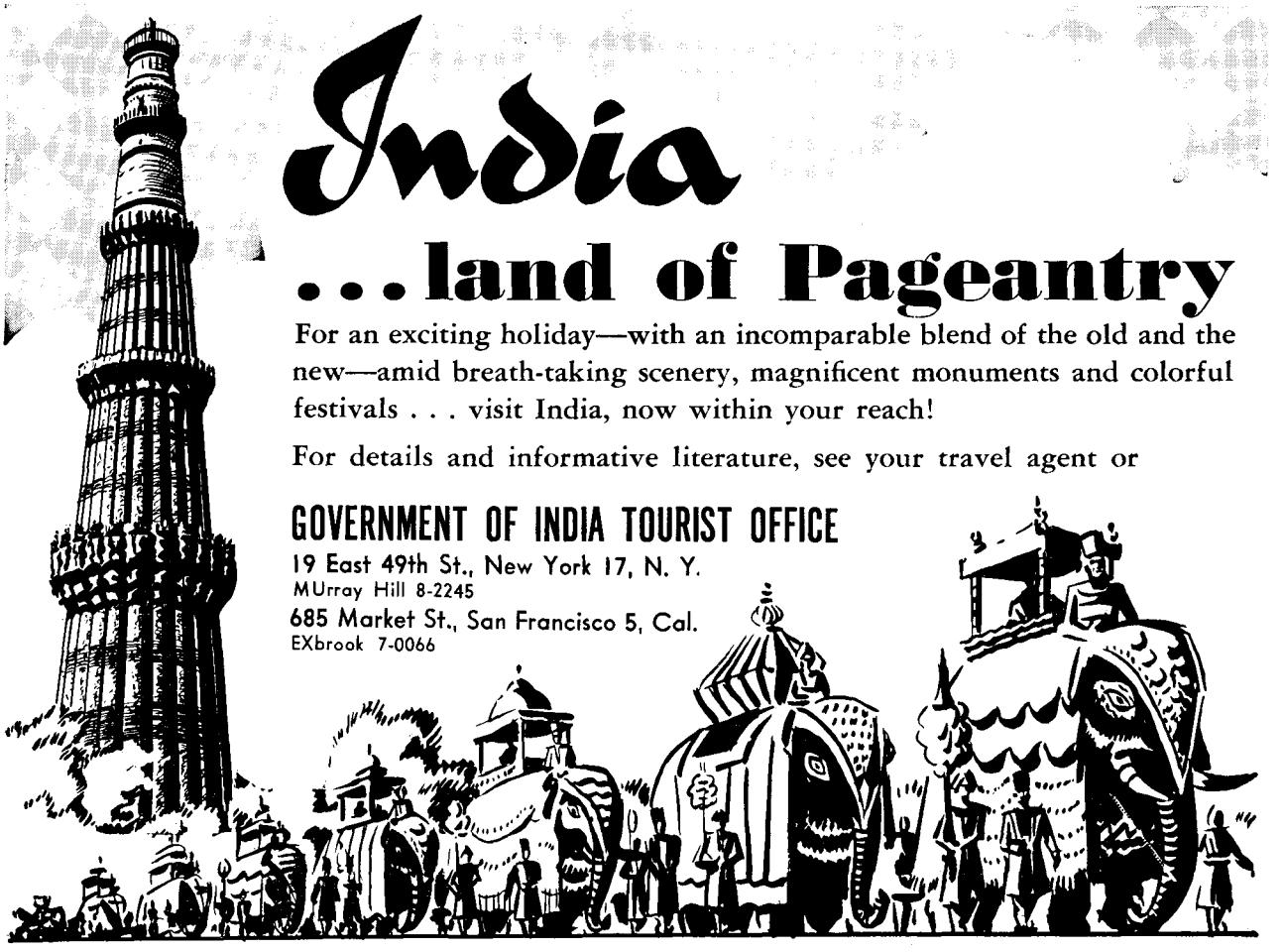
BERLIN: What worries the French much more about Germany than the dangers of rearmament is the fact that the best restaurant in Europe is now in Berlin, and furthermore called the *Ritz*. It serves five elaborate cuisines, including Chinese and Russian, so there must be a U.N. arbitrator in the kitchen, for no single chef could possibly do the whole job. The place is small, on a side street, and usually filled with German actors hoping to be discovered by Hollywood producers. High-ranking Soviet officers from the East Zone, wearing plain clothes but as obvious as Khrushchev, also come to the *Ritz* for its various attractions, some of whom look like Mata Hari.

BIENNE: I came here to investigate a hot rumor that the Swiss have invented a new kind of watch which gives personal horoscope readings, changing its dials each day to advise you whether the heavenly signs are good for you or not. I understand that it is a bigger secret than the original atom bomb, and certainly it could be as explosive. Can you imagine the chaos if millions of people bought this watch, which they probably would, and let it determine whatever they did? But if it is true that some Swiss factory really has this gadget they are guarding it like the formula for Grandma's Pies. All I received at every door was a burp of either indignation or *Hasenpfeffer*.

DIJON: One of our best accounts in Europe is a famous winegrower in Burgundy, so I called here today to reassure him that Americans have not stopped drinking. My mistake was in trying to prove it to him personally. We sampled this bottle and that and finally one rare vintage which he said his grandfather preferred. I had no way of knowing that his grandfather died in 1872. As a result, I was put to bed at 3 p.m. in the Hotel du Nord as a measure of public safety. I am not sure whether to enter this on my expense account as "entertainment," but I am told that for a while it was.

ROTTERDAM: If you buy a car while abroad and want it shipped back to the States bring it here. They have expert fender-smashers who will make it look ten years old, thus cutting in half the American customs duties. They may also cut the car in half, which is an even greater saving with some European cars. But I do not suggest letting your son shop on the waterfront. Bob made a purchase today which was highly recommended for a fifteen-year-old boy. He thought it was a punching-bag but the directions called for it to be filled with warm water, which we did in the hotel bathroom. Much to our surprise, however, the pink rubber packet filled out into a remarkably realistic life-sized woman, and printed on her stomach were the letters "Dutch Widow." Over my son's protests I returned it to the store to inquire its purpose, and was told that it is a bed-warmer for sailors

(*Continued on page* 49)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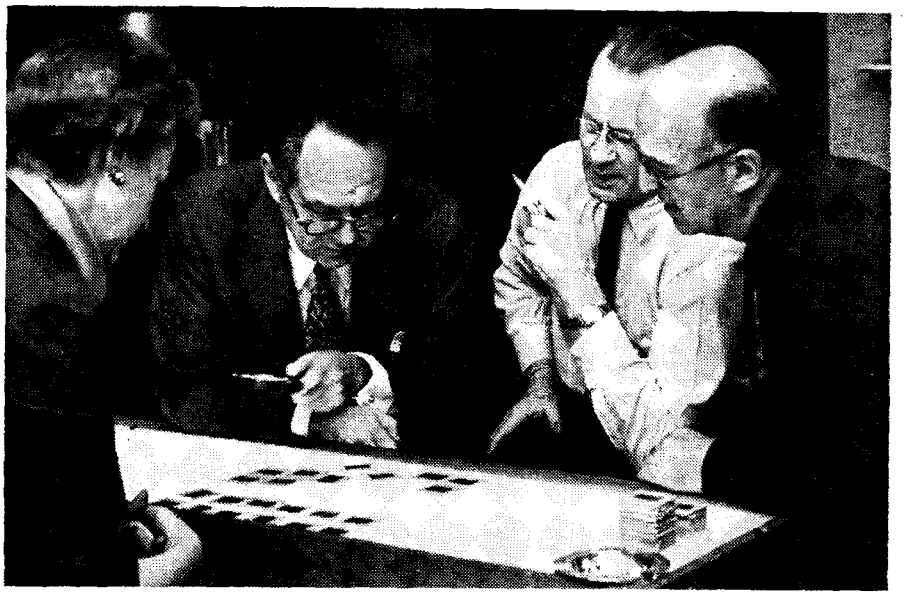

COMING TO A VERDICT: SR's *Marion Urmy (above) awaits the word of photo judges (in the usual order) Leopold Godowsky, Norris Harkness, and Ivan Dmitri. The supreme court used a light table, a jumbo magnifying glass, and finally a projector and screen, as can be seen in these photographs taken in the judges' chambers by Stephen Shannon of the Manhasset Bay (N.Y.) Camera Club. Said hobby photographer Shannon when it was all over, "They actually considered every entry." He sounded incredulous.*

Judging the Photo Contest

By IVAN DMITRI

THIS is the third annual *Saturday Review* Photo Contest, and by every standard the thousands of pictures submitted this year surpassed those of previous competitions. *SR* readers clicked their shutters in nearly every country of the free world, posting entries from forty-five states, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and twenty-five foreign lands. And they interpreted what they saw with a creative lens. We had fewer of the old contrived stilllifes, and less manipulation (such as taking pictures when there were no clouds and putting clouds on them). There were less of the snapshot variety and more with carefully thought-out composition. The photographs had a greater degree of naturalness, spontaneity, human interest, and sensitive color values. There was a large percentage of pictures that live. There were not so many clichés. No swans. Or water lilies. In fact, there were very few flowers this year. Perhaps the contestants thought that judges dislike flowers. This is not the case when they are treated imaginatively. Eggs in a basket were too popular a subject for many years. There were none in this year's lot.

It is difficult to get good design into action pictures, which may account for the few submitted. However, we chose one of a native combing fibers in Merida, Yucatan. And among the other prizewinners there is a shot of a bullfight, with excellent design and color, as well as a scene in Mexico showing a native plowing a field on the slope of the Sierra Madre Mountains. In it the two oxen pulling the plow were placed at just the right spot for a good composition.

One picture that the judges liked very much is a closeup of a costumed native in Panama, showing an interesting backlighted head study of a young girl with colorful beads and a ring in her nose. It has simplicity of design whereas it could very easily have been a complicated picture. You can, of course, have a busy picture if it is arranged properly. But there is frequently a tendency to get too much into a picture, whereas one or two objects in the foreground—birds, say, or a marketplace—that are symbolic of a mass will put the idea over more effectively, even if the mass in the background is out of focus.

The third prize went to a picture of the Casbah in Tangiers. In that one the judges were taken by the pleasing composition and the effect of third dimension, the gentle play of lights and shadows through the arch and on the white robe of the figure. There was one called "Silhouette at Gornergrat, Switzerland." Here the judges were impressed by the contrast of the two figures in dark silhouette against a light, snow-covered mountain in the distance, along with the blue-gray middle tones in the

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foreground. The position of the figures helps to carry the viewer into the far background. Many of the scenics were taken without any imagination or thought, but one that rated among the best, titled "Marsh Near Juliaca, Peru," was shot from a height and showed a lovely green foreground spotted with little animals and figures, so that it again drew your eye into the distance. Distance—the illusion of third dimensional space—is one of the factors of a good picture.

To win, these pictures do not have to be of a tiger leaping at you or of a fight between a cobra and a mongoose in India. They can be photographs resulting from a hunting trip in Canada, or just camping in the woods. The rules of the contest are simply that they be taken away from home. Sometimes a little foreign flavor adds, but it is not necessary. They should, however, record the spontaneous expressions of people, stir your feelings, give you a little insight into their lives. A prizewinner could be one of the old standards—Niagara Falls or the Statue of Liberty—with fresh incidents in the foreground: a little human incident with the old familiar background. Which brings me to what I have always thought: the scene itself is nothing but backdrop for the incident. Although the entries this year covered a wider area of the world than previously, none of the winners were selected because they were of faraway places.

Of the first four prizes, naturalness won out in two. Simplicity of composition, absolute naturalness, were the great elements in the second-prize picture, which is of a native woman sitting nude in the shallow water of a rocky river bed. She has such a happy, spontaneous smile. The picture gives the impression that the photographer was not around—that that was just what was going on. Number four also won because of its extremely natural-looking subject: a little boy in a thoughtful mood sitting on the ground, and we all liked, too, the position of his hands and legs.

There were many pictures of sunsets about which you'd say, "Oh, wasn't that a beautiful sunset!" But they palled on second look. The lasting quality is one thing that we look for.

THE winner of the first prize (reproduced on the cover) contains more of the elements of a great picture than any of the others. We all liked the flow of its composition combined with human interest, its spontaneity, contrasts, rhythms, the way the photographer carries you into the picture, the effect of third-dimension, the color values. Although we never pick a picture because it was difficult to make, this one also succeeded under difficulties. For it Henrik Krogius has been awarded the grand prize, a trip around the world via Pan American World Airways.

The judges were Leopold Godowsky, one of the inventors of Kodachrome; Norris Harkness, president of the Photographic Society of America, and myself.

Each of the judges has his own pet rules for fine pictures, but in selecting you have to allow a lot of give-and-take. If any one judge likes a particular picture, it is held out. Each backs up his own opinion, because in judging you have to let your feelings carry you without regard to what other people think. It is exciting but there is a great responsibility. The judges never forget one thing: that this is the best picture of the year that the contestant has taken—and we are forced to eliminate it, tear down his hopes. Edward Steichen, a good judge, always brought that up: "So quickly we have to throw out, so quickly—and it has to be done."

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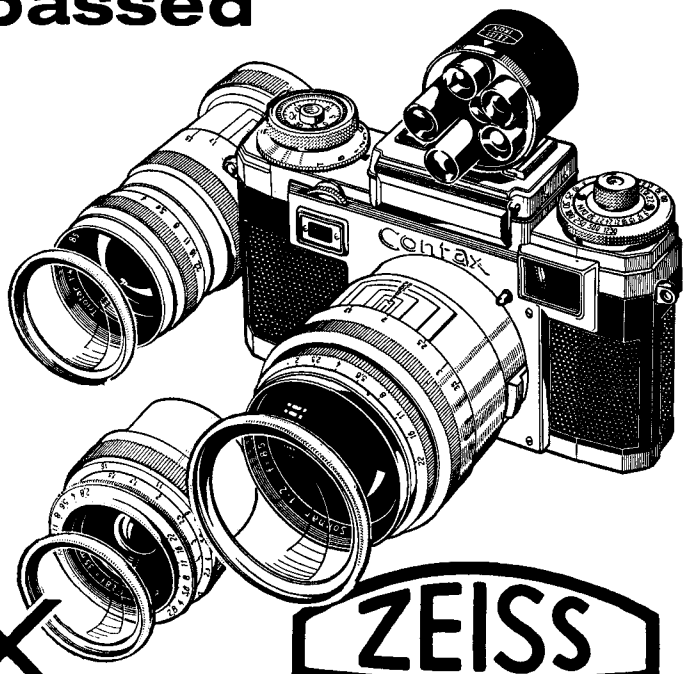

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Have Family... Will Travel

By THURMAN PRICE

THE MOVIES AND TV would lead us to believe that pioneering went out with the Prairie Schooner . . . or that buckskins and coonskin hats are *de rigueur* for a "real" pioneer.

But pioneering is still going strong . . . often as not carried on by big corporations rather than individuals . . . often as not for the benefit of the many rather than a few.

TAKE ONE of our most modern pioneers—Pan American World Airways. Way back in May 1939, this airline flew the first commercial airliner between the U. S. and Europe. In 1941, the airline began its fight, almost alone, for low-fare tourist service. A major part of this battle was won in 1952, when all the airlines agreed to begin tourist-class flights across the Atlantic.

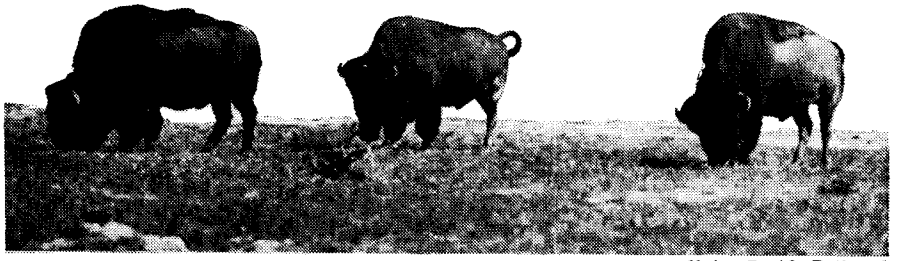
Then, Pan Am originated the "Pay-Later" Plan for overseas air travel in May 1954. Its enormous success has shown that travelling is no longer for the well-to-do. But like a true pioneer, Pan Am was still not content.

THE GOOD, new trend of families doing and enjoying things together had not escaped Pan Am's watchful eye. A survey among 1,877 married men flying to Europe on Pan American showed that 12% had their families with them. But it indicated that, had lower fares been possible—*33% would have brought their families along!*

To encourage this, Pan Am took another pioneering step . . . the "Family Fare" Plan to Europe. *Between November 1 and March 31,* a family, large or small, can save hundreds of dollars. The father pays full fare, mother and the children between 12 and 25 will travel at savings of $240 each!

Mr. Juan Trippe, Pan Am's president, said in 1942: "The average man's holiday has, in the past, been the prisoner of two grim keepers—money and time. Enjoyment of the world has been circumscribed by the high walls of his economic jail. We can level these prison walls only by bringing travel costs way down and by shortening travel time." These words have unlocked the doors to secret places that many people have longed to visit but could never afford to before.

Seeing America Second



—*Union Pacific Railroad.*

By MAYNARD O. WILLIAMS

IN THIS peace-seeking age the "Great American Desert" and "Wild West" are places to escape *to*, not *from*. After a lifetime of foreign travel—from yak-back to Stratocruiser—I find a lazy motor trip across the United States is good medicine.

In 1931 I was the only American member of the Citroën-Haardt Expedition, crawling across Asia at an average speed of 26½ miles a day. In the dusty heart of the *Takla Makan* a Lucienne Boyer record sang "Parlez-moi d'amour"—as one homesick explorer said—"as though her head were on the same pillow." But Le Fèvre and I were not speaking to her of love. Our affair was with Mother Earth. In the midst of Asia he was dreaming of the United States.

"What is the best way to see your sweet land of liberty?" he asked.

"Buy a jalopy. Get away from cities and headlines. Wander far and wide. Sleep where night finds you. Talk with the home folks."

Following my own twenty-three-year-old prescription, I have just driven almost twice as far through my native land as we did across Asia from Beirut to Tientsin.

"You shouldda done it years ago," say our friends.

I agree. But for us, as for Kipling, "There is neither East nor West." If the twain had not met I would not, in China, have met the mother of our five children, three born abroad and one now a teacher in Turkey. Nor would my French tent-mate and I have been following the Marco Polo trail across the Roof of the World in the greatest adventure of our lives. I couldn't "See America First." But it looks good to me now.

Our West, seen by car, can stand comparison with the fairest spots of song and story. And it's all ours. With the mechanics of motors reduced to those of an author's typewriter or a photographer's camera, travelers are free to enjoy our sweet land of liberty and acquaintance with those who keep it so. Such travel is easy to take. Starter-crank and tire-tool are forgotten. Rest is as easy as adventure. A night's bed, with adjoining parking place and freedom from the open-handedness of bell boys, is as good as roughing it. We found spots on this motor-minded continent where, if the attendant does not polish your windshield and say "Thank you," the gas is free. (Try *that* on your favorite saleslady!) To one who has bought his gas in soldered cans, tipped Syrian grocers for the use of leaky funnels, bought battery water in drugstores and, when too many hobnails booby-trapped the desert, patched his own tires, the great American filling-and-comfort station seems too good to be true, like Santa Claus.

Back beside the Potomac, after months of carefree motoring through regions embarrassed by abundance, we appreciate the wonder of our land, the worth of its citizens, the promise of its future. A hungry world needs our products and our continent is greater than any of its parts.

Neither ancestry nor dialect, steep mountain nor once-forbidding river divides our land. Say "Hi!" and you're in. Despite more foreign-language newspapers than a Riviera kiosk; despite Slavic shrines, Oriental minarets, multi-domed Corn Palace and Frank Lloyd Wright; French bread, Danish pastry, Chinese noodles, and Russian dressing; Bermuda shorts, Toreador trousers, and Aloha shirts, the United States *is*, not *are*. Such geography as tested the courage.

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wit, and stamina of our sturdy pioneers is reduced to primary arithmetic. "East" and "South" have become "40" and "31". As with pin-ups, words are less important than figures. Our once-untracked continent is thus reduced to common terms, commonly shared by 57,000,000 motorists who bring "outside money" to every corner of our land. What were once the toilsome journeys of those who could not live off the land have become the vacation jaunts of paying guests whose wheels and dollars roll to the happy tune of "We're in the money: where do we go from here?"

Our three-year-old jalopy made the trip, for which it was bought, without blinking a headlight. The speedometer had been "fixed." "Reconditioning" had not disturbed the sluggish sludge in the filter. One recap blew up, after seeing Grand Coulee. But changing tires, that once, was the only time I touched a tool. The hardest work of modern motoring is shuffling impedimenta and selecting the day's itinerary from a stack of free road maps.

WHERE on earth is so much breath-taking beauty readily available as in our National Parks? But some beauty spots, accessible to yesterday's rare motorist, are lost to the beauty-chasing millions of today. Its "peanut" predecessors did better by us than does our multi-billion dollar budget. World-famed roads our fathers built are falling into disrepair. Time and again I have returned to Oregon to look on our most impressive river from the high-hung Columbia River Highway, still used in travel folders as tourist bait. Some of the tunnels are closed and stretches of rare scenic beauty are neglected or abandoned. The new, smooth, water-level route is a rat-race between trucks and those eager beavers who take the low road in order to be in Portland, or Walla Walla, before ye. To me this seems a breach of faith, not only with Crown Point, Multnomah Falls, and Hood River but with Oregon's paying guests; chivalry defended beauty better than tourism.

Nowhere has the Creator provided ateliier mansions for the soul, secure rom juke box and hot-dog palace, han in our National Parks. But the anitor service is not what it was in Steve" Mather's day and not enough itizens are rapping on the radiator. 'ark officials seem loyal. More eager isitors are swarming through our arks than ever before. But while 'ongress looked the other way a *ıañana* spirit sneaked in—and sits. 'ne Fourth of July week-end, I remember, park road-makers were fe-

(*Continued on page* 53)

"MUCH MORE THAN HALF"

Familiar on Cunard liners is a busy and important gentleman. We'd estimate that his affairs take him to Europe at least four times a year.

The other day he chided us mildly about our slogan. From his point of view, it was far too modest.

"Getting there for me," he said "is much more than half the fun . . . in fact it's about all the fun I get out of a European visit. I haven't had a free day in London or Paris in years."

"But one of those long weekends on either of the Queens is a joy. I can sleep late . . . I can stay up late . . . I can have a good time with people . . . I can retreat into myself. Suddenly, I find myself breathing for the fun of breathing as I walk those great decks of yours. Suddenly, I look forward to mealtime with real anticipation—and find myself involved in dining adventures I never had time to enjoy abroad. Suddenly, I'm on the dance floor, rather startled to discover that I'm still capable of forgetting all those problems that were so pressing a day or so ago and will be equally demanding a few days hence."

Before he was through we were almost convinced that we should claim more . . . but that would be denying all the pleasures Europe offers the traveler. We'll stand by our guns—

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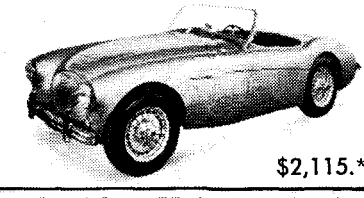
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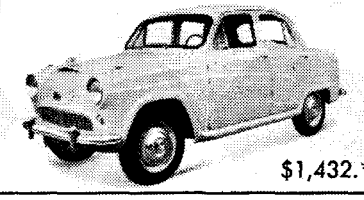
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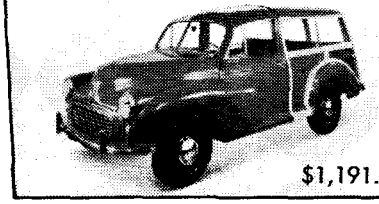
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The Cyprus I Saw

By E. S. MacDONALD

WHEN I lived in Cyprus two years ago it was nearer to Eden than Bali. Since then the serpent seems to have wriggled in.

Cyprus is a plain, ringed by high, sharp mountain peaks. The tops look like the edges of rain-clouds turned upside down. Except in February it is always sunny and warm on the island. In the morning you wake to the tinkle of a sheep-bell as the shepherd drives out his flock, and at night you fall asleep to the sweet sound of the Mediterranean water.

The hotel in which I lived is one of the best anywhere (and it's a long time since I lost count of the number of hotels I've stayed in). It's also sizable even by American standards. The owner had a dream that if in any year he didn't make substantial structural changes his luck would alter, so —year by year—it gets bigger and better. In addition to having a balcony all my own which looked out over the Great Sea and to the misty, distant, snowcapped Atlas Mountains, there was a sitting room and an enormous bath with marble-lined walls and ceiling. Quantities of hot water were always on tap (and I keep odd hours). All this at a cost unbelievable in New York.

When I was there the housekeeper was a man (in the Near East, no "nice" woman works in a public place) called Christos, a common Greek name. He was proud of his ability to write English. It was, nevertheless, a bit startling to receive a lovely remembrance from him at Christmas with a card that read, "Regards, from Christ."

Anyone who has swotted over the classics gets a thrill from Cyprus names. Many pink babies there are named Aphrodite. My grocer, Hercules, once kissed my hand as a courtesy to an old woman. That hand, when cramped around a Greek exercise many years before, had never dreamed it would be kissed by Hercules. Venus, you know, was born from the sea off Cyprus. If you don't believe it, look at Botticelli's picture. And Venus was clearly a good judge of places in which to be born and grow up.

Minarets mark the sites of villages polkadotted in the trees among the hills. Minarets are as typical of the Near East landscape as the "white fingers pointing up to God" of New England. The Greek Church in Cyprus is unique. Autonomous. During the Turkish occupation no bells were allowed in the church towers. They

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were too handy to summon a mob of unstable coffee-house addicts. When England took over bells were hung again. They ring with a particular joy for weddings. The ropes are outside the towers and some of the bells are so heavy that the ringer is swept off his feet, high into the air, as the bell swings.

Near the church where weddings are held is a "Laziness Tree." Nearly every village has one. It is where a man who wants work is to be found by an employer who goes there to pick his employe. If an unwanted employer approaches, canny candidates can dive rapidly into the close-by coffee shop.

Each village also has an area set aside for public use for happy, sunlit festivals. One such festival I went to, held in the twinkling, gray-green shade of olive leaves, might have been lifted—people, games, laughter, ceremonials—straight from Homer. I kept looking to see if he was there.

Olives I have picked in Cyprus. After the official date for the closing of the regular harvest, any woman over seventy may have all she can glean. It's hard work. The trees must be beaten with a long, "withy" pole. The small, hard egg-shapes fall with sharp taps like the delicate clip-clip of donkeys' hoofs. You bend in the middle to pick them up—a feat not easy for an old woman. Furthermore, they are hard to find—their coloring is so "protective." At this stage, they are as hard as Pharaoh's heart and as bitter as gall. They must be soaked in brine for at least ten days, the brine being changed every day, before they are fit to eat. But no olives taste like your own "pickings."

A whole piece could be written about Cyprus olives. The inheritance laws there are fantastic. As many as twenty heirs (one of them usually the Church) may own one tree and none of the twenty own the land under the tree.

There is poverty in Cyprus, of course, but there are few anxiety wrinkles. Nicosia (accent on the *third* syllable) is no more typical of Cyprus than New York is of a United States which also contains Vermont and Palo Alto.

All the news of disturbance there I take with a huge ration of salt. Unrest is endemic everywhere. As for "homemade bombs"—we have had them not a far piece from New York. To anybody acquainted with the island, who can pinpoint the places where trouble is reported, the picture is pretty clear. Besides, as anyone who reads the Bible should know, stone-throwing is an immemorial custom in the Near East—almost an automatic reflex.

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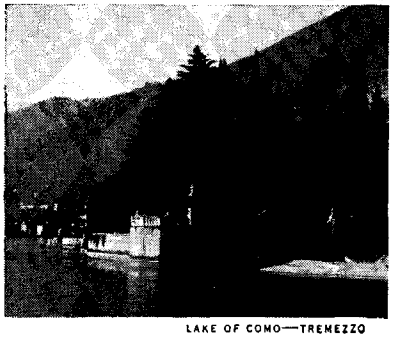

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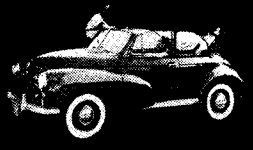

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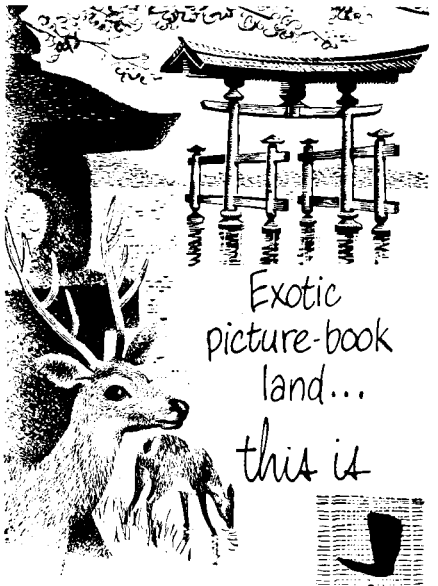
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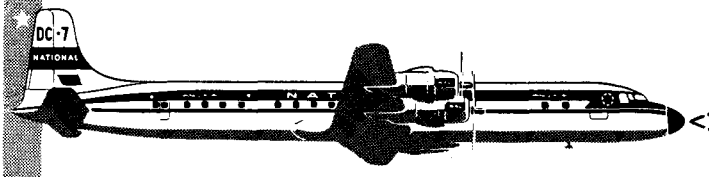

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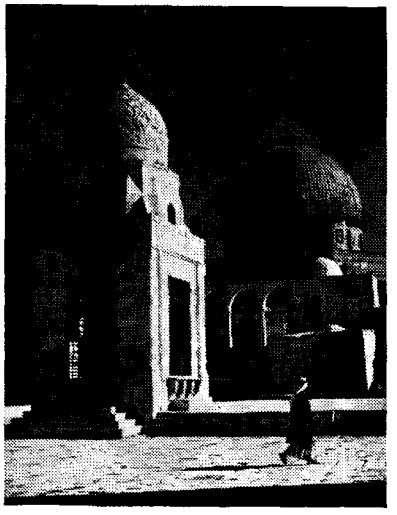

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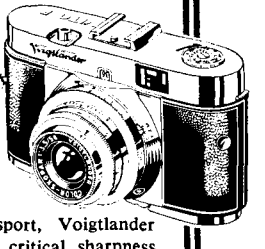

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Mrs. Joseph Dellen
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Color picture, landscape, Sweden.

France

Miss Ruth Ross
Paris.
Color picture, Baalbek, Lebanon.

Lebanon

Miss Maryette Charlton
Beirut.
Color picture, mosaic, Granada, Spain.
Black-and-white picture, Anjar, Lebanon.

APO, San Francisco

Maj. Vaughan Stewart
Black-and-white picture, Korean farmer.

THE WINNER: Henrik Krogius, whose prizewinning photo appears on this week's cover, is a living refutation of the theory that child prodigies invariably come to no good end: Krogius won his first photographic contest at the age of two, as the second most beautiful baby in Finland. Born in Tampere, Finland, of a Finnish father and an American mother of Finnish descent, Krogius, with his mother and younger brother, left for this country on the day of the first Russian attack on Finland in 1939, his father joining them here at the war's end. In the U.S. Krogius quickly exchanged prize beauty for prize brains; he attended the Choate School on a scholarship, won a Pepsi Cola Scholarship which sent him to Harvard as an architecture major in 1947, and, after two years as an Air Force officer and one year at Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism (where he also worked weekends as a copy boy for *The New York Times*), he was awarded a Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship which enabled him to go to the Far East. He returned to New York last August and began his current job of editing and writing news for Dumont Television's "Mike Wallace and the News," architecture having faded from the picture.

Krogius rediscovered serious photography only two-and-a-half years ago, but he now hopes to put his hobby to professional use as a photojournalist since, as he says, he likes "pictures that come in the excitement of the moment, instead of the more calculated kind."

—RICHARD LEMON.

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Bringing Up Father

Continued from page 37

on long whaling voyages. They refunded the money.

MADRID: Since a part of my duties is to help stimulate the tourist traffic for an American airline, I flew here this morning to see a bullfight and also to check up on hotel prices. Some of our passengers have been complaining recently that the bulls aren't trying, that nobody was gored, and that Spain is now only half as cheap as the rest of Europe. I got no satisfaction from the bulls but the hotelkeepers deny it hotly. They say the bulls are as tough as ever and judging from my steak at dinner I believe them. The city is filled with American engineers who are building huge new air bases all over Spain. All have very fair contracts and dark *señoritas,* both on some sort of cost-plus basis. As far as I can tell everyone is very happy here except maybe the bulls.

PARIS: Came back to meet the boss who arrived yesterday from New York, and to buy my wife some clothes. Hard to say which is the most painful, as both seem to think my output is too low. Tried to ease the situation by taking his wife to Maxim's for lunch while he went with mine to Dior's. Result: his wife got sick from the *bouillabaisse* but mine heard the boss make a date with a model. So it's progress, though I hope he won't discover that I called the model first. Nobody in the home office appreciates what we foreign representatives go through, or what our wives can on the *Rue St. Honoré.*

EDINBURGH: Annual call on our Scotch clients, one of whom makes it and the other is usually so full of it he doesn't recognize me. Brought the children along as it's June and their schools are out. This afternoon we took them to see the Changing of the Guard. Sharon thought the Black Watch were "divine" but wondered what they wore underneath their kilts. Sidling up to one later in the Castle, Bob asked about this and was politely shown. It was a very warm day and he reported nothing at all. This solves an old mystery for me but neither my wife nor daughter believe it. They say that wool is much too chafing. However, I stopped the argument when Bob offered to take them and prove it.

DUBLIN: This morning my wife visited the library of Trinity College to look up her family tree, as her

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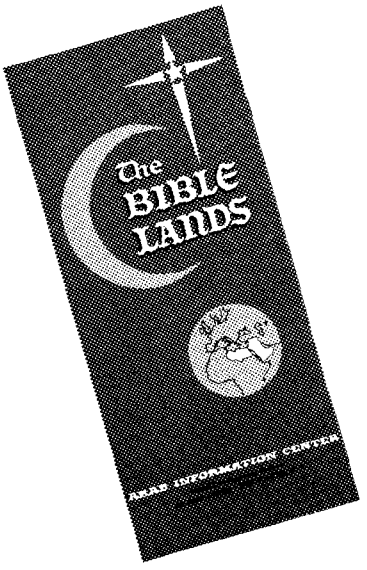

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ancestors came from Donegal. But since she has said nothing about it I assume that either the tree wasn't there or else someone was hanging from it. Anyway, we don't have to go to Donegal now. Bob says he spent the afternoon in the hotel's billiard room winning three pounds from someone named Aristotle Murphy, both of which I consider highly improbable.

ST. TROPEZ: Here for a month's vacation in a rented villa by the sea. Had quite a blow today—I, not the sea. Until now I had regarded our daughter as immature and undeveloped. But when she appeared this morning for a swim I suddenly realized that I might be mistaken. I don't know who makes these French *bikinis* but they showed an outrageous profit on this one. What Sharon showed was even more immodest and I was saying so when her mother strolled out in one even smaller, followed by Bob in a male G-string. I protested the whole ensemble as being extremely un-American when a very attractive French girl walked by on the beach, similarly attired, and I could see her point. My wife's, that is. When in Rome I suppose you have to wear such togas or be very conspicuous. This way nobody looks at you. But at St. Tropez I wouldn't swear to it.

PARIS: Every American I know in Paris buys his black-market francs from a fat little man whom we'd best call Mr. Z. He gives the finest rate in town, taking only three francs on each dollar as his commission. You call him at his home (a highly confidential number) and he comes to yours, never with a telltale briefcase but every pocket jammed with 10,000-franc notes.

It was a terrible disaster this week when he was arrested. The police raided his apartment, took over 20,000,000 francs—but much worse—his little black book which contains all our names, with a list of every transaction for years. The result is the biggest panic in the American colony since the Fall of France. People are taking off for all points on every plane, as the fine will be a flat 15 per cent, take it or leave the country. I have been waiting worriedly at home all week for the gendarmes to knock, but instead Mr. Z arrived himself tonight, out on bail, to tell me not to worry. I would have kissed him but he preferred a drink. He says he isn't worried either, because one of his oldest clients is a head man in the *Suretè*, the French FBI. Then as he left Mr. Z smiled and reminded me, "You see, it pays to deal with reliable people."

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Mobile Americans

Continued from page 19

for Americans. Although the Russians made no immediate move to land at Idlewild, nor to let Pan American (which holds the American routes to Russia) to land in Moscow, it was a cinch that visas were easier to get. For the first time Scandinavian Airlines broke an advertisement which read: "You, too, can go to Russia. . . ." There was a picture of American travelers superimposed on a cut-out of the Kremlin. Cosmos Tavel Bureau in New York was running advertising in *The New York Times,* offering five, seven, ten, fourteen and twenty-three day tours of the Soviet Union.

Only two weeks before Pan American had dropped its own bomb by announcing that it would buy twenty-five DC-8 jet airliners from Douglas and twenty 707 Jet Stratoliners from Boeing. Douglas called its $160,000,000 contract the "largest and most significant single contract in the history of commercial aviation." Boeing noted that "most major cities in the free world would be twelve hours or less from the U.S." The DC-8s, to be delivered beginning in three years, would be 200 mph faster than DC-7Cs which are not even as yet in service.

THERE followed announcements of jet purchases by United, National, KLM, Japan Airlines, Eastern, and Scandinavian Airlines. C. R. Smith of American Airlines was saying in early November that his line would commence the first transcontinental turbo-jet service on June 15 in the year 1959. The time would be four hours, fifteen minutes from Los Angeles to New York, one hour and forty-five minutes New York to Chicago.

While these hefty contracts seemed to represent American victory in the jet air race with Britain, 1955 was also a year when the first American flag airlines began using British turbo props. The first of sixty wailing Vickers Viscounts went to work for Capital in July. Trans-Canada already had the plane in service and BWIA was due to commence operations momentarily in the Caribbean and Bahamas. Continental Airlines would have them in 1957.

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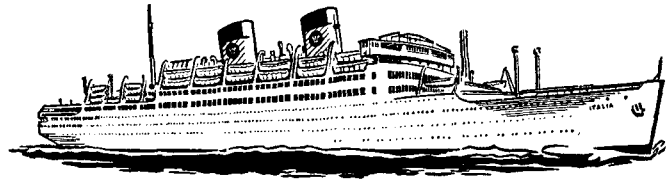

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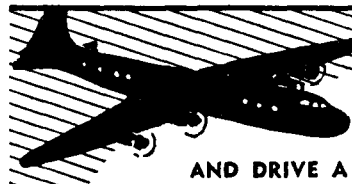

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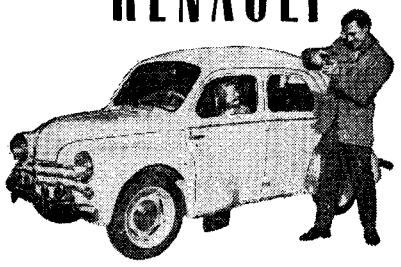

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and dabbled delicately in Mexico, burst the bonds of the Americas and opened a fabulous extravaganza on the banks of the Bosporus. Photographs of the Istanbul Hilton Hotel and particularly pictures of some of its guests were a sensation in the States, but it was all only the beginning. After the Dallas Hilton opens this month there will be nine more unveilings, all of them abroad in places like Mexico City, New Delhi, Cairo, Tokyo, and Port of Spain.

It was a year when a man could take his wife and children to Europe in the off season by air, at a tremendous reduction. And it was a year when we got another Stratford, this time on the Housatonic in Connecticut. That brought the total to three, counting the one in Ontario and the original on the Avon. Shakespeare survived nobly, proving not so much, really, since he drew raves in Russia when a British company played Hamlet there in English.

In a year when passengers rose up against the trains (and trains lost $700,000 on passengers), the New York Central at year's end said it would send its Aerotrain on an exhibition tour, place it in service early in the spring. Previewed at the Powerama in Chicago last summer, the Aerotrain will make a test run between Chicago and Detroit on January 5, eventually go into service between those two cities. The principal improvements for the traveler will be spring cushioning, no tilting on curves, baggage space under the seats, a better view of the scenery.

The traveler's foremost patron, the Rockefeller family, opened their Jackson Hole Lodge in the Grand Tetons of Wyoming, but they were agog—dignifiedly, of course—with plans for a new National Park on the island of St. John's in the Virgin Islands, and a new resort in Puerto Rico. The Virgin Islands venture would be built around the Caneel Bay project which is being completely revamped. As for Puerto Rico, an hour away, it would have twin crescents of beach, a sixty-room hotel (at $20,000 a room), and a championship golf course, Puerto Rico's first, to be designed by Robert Trent Jones.

Meanwhile, in Miami, a plasterer's work was never done. Last year the Fontainebleau brought France to Florida, and who knows, now, when the fad will be done? *This* year's hotels are the Seville (all Spanish), the Lucerne (all Swiss), and the Eden Roc (all Riviera). Funny part of it is that over on the Riviera they've got a sand beach called Le Plage Miami. Le grass always looks more *vert* on somebody else's *pied à terre*. *Olé!*

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Continued from page 41

verishly implementing a program for which the funds had been appropriated only a few days before. Their implements hindered sight-seeing, rather than helping it.

My neat, but humanitarian, sister-in-law once said, "Run the house for the kids; not the kids for the house." Our National Parks are for us. That any serious-minded person should advocate closing them seems as grotesque as the old-time habit of shutting the parlor on week-days. In our West, as in a modern home, living room is a chief attraction. But during the short season hordes of eager visitors already crowd our parks. Far from closing our parks we should, where possible, keep them open longer. Europe and New England urge the advantages of fall. Mountain scenery is at its best when snow covers the hillsides. But secondary roads remain closed until some arbitrary date or are blocked by road-signs before they are blocked by snow. In June Mrs. Williams and I wanted to enter Yosemite from the east, by way of Tioga Pass. No dice. The Tioga Pass road is subject to the calendar, not weather. Unwarned by any road sign, we motored up to the east entrance of Crater Lake National Park, only to find that the Pinnacles Road, highly praised in tourist literature, was still closed. On the road-block, eleven miles from the junction where a warning *should* have been posted, but wasn't, some wag had scribbled, "Youse guys oughta be forced to *walk* those eleven miles." When, by a devious route, we reached Crater Lake, the dramatic Rim Road was closed, both by man and mist. But had the weather been perfect it was still closed. One alibi: "Tourists won't visit Yellowstone and Yosemite until school is out." "School has been out for weeks," I replied. "And for millions of us school has been out for a long time."

Actually, a measure of tourist interest already exists. There are fall and winter tours to much of Yosemite Valley, while the northern part of Yellowstone is kept open the year around. But in most of the area, early-season travel and late-season travel are fringe benefits, still beyond the power of positive thinking and progressive planning. Many can remember when "Who would go to Florida in summer?" was a Foolish Question. But there is nothing foolish about the way Florida is answering it. No summer sun now scares modern Ponce de Leons as snow does in the land of Lewis and Clark, although

all this and summer, too!..

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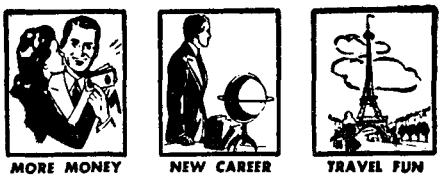

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Sun Valley, Aspen, Lake Tahoe's Granlibakken, and the Donner Summit Winter Sports Area don't take snow lying down. At Yosemite, in June, the hours from six to nine P.M. are the best of the day. But in the official cafeterias you eat before eight or go hungry. At Big Trees Lodge, after a glorious hour on Wawona Point, we were refused service three minutes before the deadline, but managed to buy some milk which we drank out-of-doors where a gentle-eyed doe was better company than the pretty cashier. Yosemite's hospitality, that night, forced us to dine in Fresno, sixty-seven miles away. The alibi: "People like it that way."

THE fact: neither the wienie-roasters in the crowded camping grounds nor the $4-a-dinner diners in the beautiful Ahwahnee let the eight o'clock deadline bother *them*. They were still eating when the evening firefall gashed the night with its fiery cascade. In Yellowstone, we found the food excellent and reasonable in price. Considering the shortness of the season and the distance from markets, our hosts there did very well. On neat table cards, each attractive waitress introduced herself by name and college—a friendly touch we enjoyed. After dining in city and park, in show-place and hot-dog stand, I do not think that unofficial enterprise did as well for us as did the Yellowstone Park Company. For excellence of food and service, the Terrace Grill at Mammoth Hot Springs was equal to that we found anywhere, although the finest single meal I had was in a place of which I had never heard, called Winnemucca.

Our National Parks are vastly rewarding to millions of motorists. Tourist money talks, in English as in French, Italian, and Spanish. Conditions are not static. The vastly enlarged Grand Teton National Park, only four years old, does not suffer from obsolescence. It does offer mountain views which appeal to me as much as the Karakorum. Only a handful of men have ever seen Mount Everest as intimately as one can the Tetons. Our West is one vast drive-in, whose continuous performances attract more enthusiasts each year. Coupled with the super-spectacles are quieter spots where the atmosphere is that of the Shepherd Psalm. Never, in Bible Lands, have I known such "still waters" as those at the foot of Mount Teewinot or El Capitan, or

All the events listed on the calendar pages were selected by Robert Meyer, Jr., author of "Festivals U.S.A." and "Festivals Europe."

Although most of the dates are firm, some changes are apt to be made.

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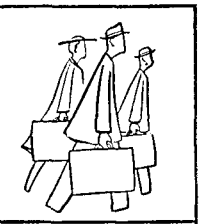

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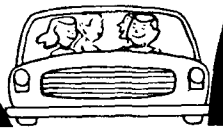

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above blue Lake Tahoe. In Idaho's Craters of the Moon, not far from where the agile atom is under observation, Mother Earth makes even her scars attractive. In what scientists call "a miniature laboratory of volcanism for enjoyment, education, and scientific study," I watched boyish imagination find expression, not in violence, but in wonder. Spread-eagled by his chaps and saggy-hipped with shooting irons, Junior stood, dwarfed by reality. In a city street, among TV antennas, he might have seemed a tough *hombre*, a youthful Superman or a space-ship invader of Mars. But, here in Idaho, a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit could not have been less congruous. Neither comic strip nor television excited his ego here. A scramble among the Big Craters or up Big Cinder Butte is the real stuff. So, too, was his father's struggle with the facts of life, not birds and bees this time, but rough and tumble geology. His impromptu pedagogy was graphic. Apt illustrations surrounded them on every side.

"THE earth," he haltingly explained, "is like a big ball, so full of boiling rock that it is fit to burst. When the fire finds a weak spot, a volcano blows its top and the sky rains cinders. But right here hot lava oozed out, as slow as molasses in January. When the curving streams of lava cooled, they turned to solid rock, like that." With a sweeping arm, he ended the paragraph and pointed to the picture.

There was nothing "sissy" or pathological about the dreams of our pioneers; for time and space gave ample opportunity to express each dream in action. Time and again, as we rolled smoothly along through areas where they sweated and strained, we were amazed at their patient persistence and their urge—among so many fat birds in the hand—to chase the elusive bird in the bush. They could not hope to find better homes. They could, and did, follow the bright star under which our continent-wide nation was born.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Tragedy, Happy Ending Style

SUSAN HAYWARD is now, without question, our most prominent portrayer of movie drunks. In "Smash-Up," a few years back, she took to the bottle and skidded down to the row, causing some of us to wonder, during the process, if she wasn't an actress of ability as well as a good-looking young lady. In **"I'll Cry Tomorrow,"** her latest alcoholic vehicle, she has extended the range of her "Smash-Up" performance, given it more hysterical and haggard overtones, and has added a degree of what I can only term overall twitchiness. Coming so hard upon Sinatra's performance in "The Man with the Golden Arm," the two might as well be compared. Sinatra's performance as the man on a heroin "kick," has a good deal of ease and naturalness, and he doesn't really seem to be trying too hard to make his points. Miss Hayward, on the other hand, is always in there pitching. I had the impression that she was acting throughout, and when I'm aware, too much, that someone is acting I'm not so easily convinced. Nevertheless, she goes to great lengths to literally throw herself into the part.

There's a comment that has been made before, and perhaps can stand being made again, about the acting required to play drunks, dope addicts, madmen, and fiends. These roles, being somewhat beyond the realm of ordinary behavior, don't require interpretation as much as they do a lack of inhibition. Professional actors often regard parts of this kind as the easiest kind to play. For one thing, they automatically induce the audience's interest, and when they are pitiable, as is the character (Lillian Roth) that Miss Hayward plays, they also automatically induce sympathy.

I don't doubt, however, that this performance is going to cause something of a sensation, just as the movie itself will. Lillian Roth's story demonstrated its popular appeal in the television medium, and was a prominent best-seller in book form. Its theme of degradation and regeneration had sensational as well as touching qualities. These elements appear in the movie, too. To be sure, the subject of alcoholism is a vexing and important one, and probably it is all to the good that it be kept in the public consciousness. Perhaps it is only to be expected that the movie is most graphic when it shows the details of the smashup, and least effective when it tries to explain the causes. Yet, if I am to believe that M-G-M is public-spirited as well as commercially minded in making this movie, I would prefer a more thoughtful treatment.

Susan Hayward—"pity and sympathy."

As a job of movie-making alone, this is a poor one. The script is often inept and cliche-filled. (Example: a director says about the mother of Lillian Roth, "Stage mothers! They're all alike!") Since the story encompasses about thirty years, one would expect some feeling of period in the Twenties and Thirties scenes. There is none whatsoever. Nor is the direction (by Daniel Mann) any better. The place shifts from city to city, most of the time leaving the audience in the dark as to exactly where something is happening. With Miss Hayward hardly in a condition to travel, one never quite knows how she got there. Enigmatic characters wander in and out of the story. The most puzzling of all is played by Richard Conte. This fellow appears and disappears without explanation, is up to something shady, but it isn't clear what. He's mean to Miss Hayward, after first marrying her, but it isn't clear why.

I suppose the picture falls into the category of tragedies with happy endings. In the last scene we see the regenerated torch-singer (looking not one day older), secure and happy, walking down the aisle to tell her story on "This Is Your Life." What happier ending could one wish for? The luxury of telling one's intimate story to 40,000,000 people. Hollywood and the TV industry beautifully united! —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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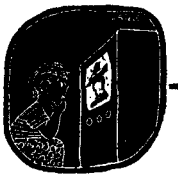

TV AND RADIO

Guess!

A FRIEND and neighbor of mine recently returned from a round-the-world business trip. Among other great centers of culture he visited Hong Kong, and he reports that a high official of a leading Hong Kong bank is an *SR* subscriber. The banker carefully reads each issue; and, in true mandarin fashion, he generously distributes it to an eager group of relatives, acquaintances, and clients. This intelligence impresses me with a new sense of responsibility. *SR*'s Hong Kong readers must certainly profit from our critical commentary on American books, recordings, films, and plays—for the original works are available to them, in print, on disc, or celluloid, perhaps even on the stage. What possible value, however, can a Far Eastern banker derive from an essay in this space on television or radio phenomena, latitude Madison Avenue, dateline NBC or CBS, which he will never hear or see—live, film, transcription, or QK (quick kinescope)?

Stateside readers will, therefore, bear with me, I hope, in this attempt to honor in small measure my international obligations. This column is addressed to *SR*'s Hong Kong readers, particularly to its distinguished Far Eastern distributor, the banker. He will be interested, I am sure, in a report on American network TV which transcends cultural frontiers—namely, the fine art of making money. Our banker friend, by now, has undoubtedly heard of the great TV on-stage guessing game, "The $64,000 Question." I would like to introduce him to a *backstage* guessing game—"The Estimators." The winners are hardworking young men and women, employed by the networks, unknown to the dial-turning public. The losers are producers of package programs, sponsors, and in a playful sense the television audience. The game is played regularly, fifty-two weeks of the year, in small cubby-hole offices and conference rooms attached to the scenic departments of all networks. This is how it works.

A SCRIPT for a "live" TV performance, when written, goes promptly to a scenic designer, usually employed by the network. The designer, after conferring with the director and producer, makes preliminary sketches of the sets on which the actors will play the show. He then draws a "floor plan," which specifies exactly what scenery shall be constructed, and how it shall be arranged in the studio. At this point the estimators enter the play. They study the floor plan and submit breakdown costs of constructing the scenery and dressing the sets. They estimate how many 5″ x 9″ "flats" (canvas-covered wall sections) may be used from the network's stock on hand, and how many flats will require new construction. They guess how many gallons of paint will be used, how much it will cost to rent and to transport outside props, costumes, and special effects. They will give you an exact list of chairs, pictures, knick-knacks, newspapers, chewing gum, cigarettes, ash-trays, mock-up cars, dinosaurs—not even a spool of thread is omitted (for every item must be union-handled)—and they will also guess for you how many stagehands will require how many hours to collect, haul, set up, maneuver, re-arrange, "strike," and re-transport to stock the grand miscellany of artifacts of illusion summoned up each day and night of TV's year by creators, managers, and movers of America's live TV programs.

The estimators have standard cost-sheets, of course; and they have experience in making their "informed" guesses. But from the producer's side of the estimating table these are very esoteric guesses. The producer has no way of verifying them. He cannot go behind the network scenes and put a time-clock on the construction operation. The producer, is, of course, privileged to hire an "outside," non-network construction company to

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build his scenery for him; but to the discerning managerial eye this is fraught with obvious inconveniences. The producer is in a monopoly squeeze. He may assume that it is benevolent, but he must take it on faith. If he is a rich producer, with a "no-budget" mandate from his sponsor, he airily accepts the final estimate with an indifferent "go ahead." If he is a competitive producer he must begin the delicate task of estimate surgery. Very rare, indeed, is the occasion when an initial estimate is within the producer's budget.

Estimate surgery is the fine art of keeping costs down and maintaining the sanity of directors. These overharried young men (whose responses are keyed to a production rhythm that would drive Soviet hero-workers to the arms of capitalism) live in precarious psychic balance at best. They "lay their guts on television's line" once a week with youth's debonair gallantry, energy, and ambition. To cut a window from a set may save $50, but a lost camera-angle bleeds to death in the operation. To "kill" a door means murdering fluidity of movement. A stairway excised? It's like losing an arm! But the trauma must be suffered. No director lives who can talk a budget-conscious producer into esthetic fat when the margin must be written in red ink. Get the maximum from the minimum: this is the director's law of the Medes and Persians. When each bullet shot into a wall costs $2 to fire; when a pack of cigarettes costs $1.25 to place on a table (notwithstanding that it may be purchased downstairs at the restaurant counter for 25¢); when it costs you nothing to paint flagstones on the studio floor but $45 to have them washed off; when each simple, wooden chair costs $5, and each nondescript picture to help dress a wall $3, etc., etc.; when such are the economic ABCs of TV scene-designers' dreams tumble like hay in the fall.

Thus, the big TV backstage guessing game goes on; and, often, when an audience tries to guess why a certain show didn't quite come off it might possibly find the answer in sets that were too small, in doors that didn't open, windows that weren't there, in the missing spiral staircase, or the walls that trembled. As for our banker in Hong Kong, shrewd Far Eastern financier which he undoubtedly is, I am sure he has guessed, by now, how this fascinating little game always ends. Remember, our network "guestimators" merely estimate costs in *advance* of the show. Six to eight weeks after the program the actual bills are in. Are they lower or higher than the estimate? Guess.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Lively "Don Pasquale," Oistrakh III

HAPPY endings are traditionally a rarity in opera, which makes all the more remarkable the recent revival of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" at the Metropolitan—which had two of them. One, of course, was on the stage side of the footlights, according to the merry work itself; the other was in the pit, where young Thomas Schippers, undertaking his debut in this theatre, guided an able cast through a performance of verve and superior musical detail.

As one long associated with Glyndebourne, Rudolf Bing knows his "Don Pasquale," something of a house specialty there, and he had reason for satisfaction with the outcome of the present revival. Wolfgang Roth has designed a series of charming, "playable" sets (including the first revolving platforms in the Met's long-creaky stage history) and Dino Yannopoulos utilized their possibilities to fine comic advantage. And, to put the production credit where it belongs, the management's choice of cast has provided an ensemble which can not only sing the music fluently but also satisfy the eye while doing so.

It was something of a risk to put these elements in the hands of Schippers, whose previous experience has largely been with Menotti's "Amahl" and "The Saint of Bleecker Street," plus a production or two at City Center and a scattering of orchestral engagements. But it was a risk calculated in terms of Schippers's unmistakable aptitude, with the assumption that talent would compensate where experience was in short supply. Too young perhaps to have a "conception" of the masterful score, he had clearly soaked himself in its atmosphere, and let the absorption ooze. His instinct led him to very suitable tempi throughout; let us hope he attains, with experience, the fluency in transitions now a little abrupt. It would be unreasonable to expect from him the easy sparkle Fritz Busch lit in this work when it was last (1945) given at the Metropolitan, but Schippers can well consider a better balance between voices and orchestra, physical urge and mental control. Here, certainly, is a career well-begun at twenty-five which could go on for twenty years and still be only half done.

Of the performers primary honors go to Corena, whose Don is a lovable roue, fatuous perhaps, but with a wholly human set of foibles. The Yannopoulos direction provides a frame in which theatrical appeal is well-mated with vocal virtuosity. Corena's flexible voice may not have the volume of Baccaloni's in its prime, but he also has a refinement (foreign to that excellent artist) which makes him something more than merely the successor to a vacuum. That is to say, he exists as an individual as well as a type.

Fulfilling expertly the surrounding functions were Roberta Peters as Norina, Cesare Valleti as Ernesto and Frank Guarrera as the *deus ex machina,* Malatesta. Miss Peters is as yet too much the soubrette for complete conviction in this part, but she sings the music delightfully, and her dramatic range is constantly expanding. Valetti's mastery of the quietly farcical touch makes him capable of being foolish rather than ridiculous (few tenors manage the distinction), and he sings Donizetti's soaring line as easily as if it were speech. Guarrera is both amiable and well-sounding in his part, the quartet at the end of Act II a singular instance of well-blended quantities.

In addition to revolving like a hundred Broadway stage productions—if no previous Metropolitan one—Roth's "duplex" provided a grateful spread of action for what is, in the original, a pretty static stage plan. Yannopoulos's direction was gratefully free of *buffo* conventions, illuminated by a number of artful touches. My complaint would be with the use of the "fourth value," the invisible wall between performers and audience. Sometimes it was a wall, requiring the performers to walk around it to a door; then, in a twinkling, it becomes empty space. It should, certainly, be one or the other.

The preceding "Soiree" choreographed by Zachary Solov on the Benjamin Britten arrangements of Rossini music called "Matinee Musicale" served two of three purposes. It filled out an evening rather short when devoted only to "Don Pasquale" and it gave further independent employment to the Met's developing ballet. But the third purpose—the creation of a worthy work of itself—was unfulfilled. Solov's series of *divertissements* are workmanlike if without distinction, the Cecil Beaton decor of the whole nondescript. Mary Ellen Moylan danced her solo part with agility and not much charm, and Ole

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Briansky displayed a strong technique n another debut. This, too, was conducted by Schippers.

FOR his third New York appearance—and his first with orchestra—David Oistrakh as soloist in three oncerti at a Philharmonic-Symphony Pension Fund concert directed by Dimitri Mitropoulos provided an eveing of violin playing immensely assured, technically precise, and professionally absorbing.

The only question, then, involved uch matters as Oistrakh *vis-a-vis* Mozart and Brahms (Oistrakh-Tchaikovsky are virtually inexchangeable ntities). The evidences were that, as reviously surmised, Oistrakh's musical personality is direct, sturdy, and pen. He does not surprise with subeties, nor does he disappoint in technical crises. The Mozart was pure in ound, but the sound was a little muscular and abundant for the needs of ie music. In the slow movement, specially, it was not so much traced s poured on. All was quite regular, iolinistically speaking, even to the se of the Joachim cadenzas, but the id revelation concerned Oistrakh ore than it did Mozart.

His playing of the Brahms concerto as even more impressive, if more arkedly in his manner than the mposer's. That is to say, the emasis, if ever so slight, was on the pacity of the soloist to manage this that problem with sonority and ise. In the slow movement the net ipression was of an opulent rather an expressive violin tone. Only in e finale were soloist, conductor, and chestra in complete agreement. This as a statement to stand as a model d paragon for years to come. The mpo was right, the mood good, the loist straightened away in pursuit of ideal for which he had superb cacity. It was, also, ingratiating of Oiskh to share the mammoth applause th a wave of the hand to Harold mberg, who played the oboe solo, the second movement in a manner merit the tribute.

As well as being absorbing, instruce, and sometimes deeply satisfying, e evening gave rise to some suspin that Oistrakh is more in love with lin playing than he is with music. at is to say, the little box on his oulder is a source of primary satistion, because he can do so much h it. Mozart, Brahms, and Tchaisky are, of course, partners in the erprise, but Oistrakh is majority ckholder, even if only by the clas- 51-49 per cent division. Mitropos's direction of the orchestra was ponsive to the mood of the occan, but rather overtense and incomtely coordinated.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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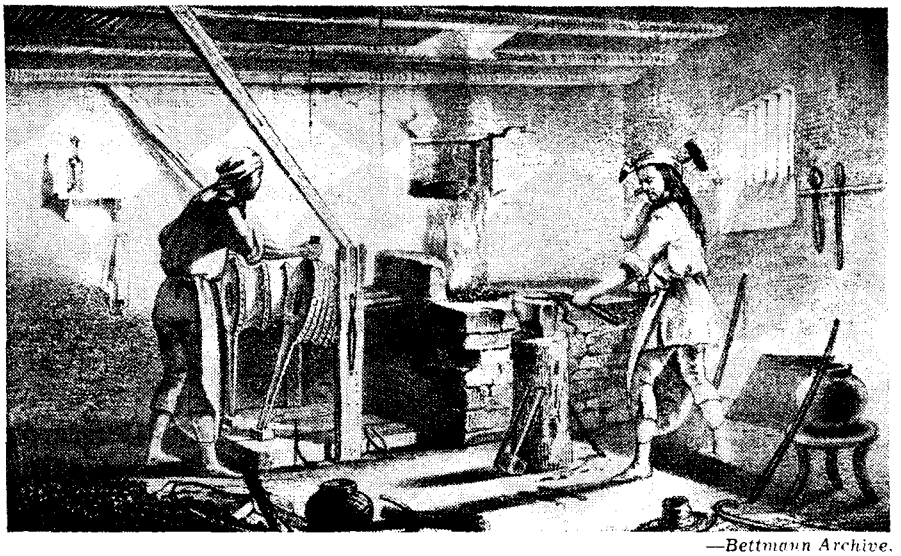

—Bettmann Archive.

A Navajo smithy—"The America unfolding before us."

Collaboration in Yankeeland

"Journey Down a Rainbow," by J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes *(Harper. 289 pp. $3.50), is a picture of the oldest and newest patterns of American life as they were observed in the Southwest—Texas and Arizona-New Mexico—by a British husband and wife. Frank Waters, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Colorado" and other books about the Southwest.*

By Frank Waters

ONLY in the Southwest are to be found in such close juxtaposition the oldest and the newest patterns of life in America. Within the span of a rainbow are the atom smasher and the Indian drum; the prehistoric cliff-cities of Mesa Verde and ultra-modern Los Alamos; the cave in which were found indications of the Sandia Man of 20,000 years ago, and the plush Shamrock Hotel of the *Admass* Man of the impending future. Here men still maintain their ancient, intimate relationship with the earth and sky and all the life that has gone and is yet to come; and here other men's only meaning lies in the formless and forlorn life-patterns created by advertising propaganda for mass production.

To explore the two opposite ends of this rainbow span of American life, J. B. Priestley visited the Texas-big, Texas-rich cities of Fort Worth, Dallas, and Houston; while his wife, Jacquetta Hawkes, rambled through Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, viewing the ancient culture patterns of the Pueblo and Navaho Indians. Needless to say, these two talented English collaborators found a pot of gold at each end of their rainbow's search. The alternate, juxtaposed chapters of their book "Journey Down a Rainbow" result in a sometimes sparkling reportage, often witty satire, and always significant commentary on the America unfolding before us today.

"Journey Down a Rainbow" is sure going to make Texas mighty unhappy, all right, all right. Mr. Priestley's descriptions of a football game at Fort Worth, the opening of Houston's famous Shamrock Hotel, the inauguration of a new TV channel, and several social evenings in Dallas, are as uproariously funny, sharply satirical, and intuitively penetrating as anything this prolific playwright, novelist, and essayist has written.

To designate this inwardly meaningless realm of modern elephantiasis, inflationary wealth, and cultural vulgarity, he has coined a new name: *Admass,* the whole system of increasing productivity, rising standard of material living, high-pressure salesmanship and advertising, the creation of the mass mind, the mass man. In this empire are many kingdoms: *Nomadmass,* land of the new nomads, dominated by the auto, the drive-in; *Hashadmass,* where everything is turned into one tasteless hash; *Luxad,* in which is found Gracious Living, Casual Living, Men of Distinction, all empty patterns of luxurious life dreamed up by advertising copywriters. . . . It is all a swindle. A societ no longer rooted in earth, with livin values, but with something stale, al most rotten and perverted, poison ing it.

In contrast to this, Jacquetta Hawke outlines the culturally rich, psycho logically healthful life-pattern of th Pueblo Indians who, more than w realize, still live essentially as the did a thousand years ago in the clif ruins of Mesa Verde. That almo everything they created still exis today—the *kiva* and its religious cere monialism, their art, handicraft, ar architecture—reflects their inner va ues. Action fits exactly with belie religious and secular life are alwa interwoven. What mass product modern technology is as indigenous original as the abstract designs Indian pottery, as imaginatively cre tive as a fringed sash woven out dog hair 1,500 years ago, as ther peutic as the great ceremonial danc still held?

To one long familiar with Indi ceremonialism, these chapters on complex subject seem far from cor plete. Her description of the Shala at Zuni, particularly, seems too cu sory to render its valid meaning i telligible. There is almost nothi on the great Navaho "sings" w their ritual songs, dances and san paintings. The misspelling of *va* as *valli* (valley), and of *viga* (roof beam) as *vega* (meadow), trivial errors in unfamiliar Spani But as an archeologist and poe writer. Miss Hawkes's touch is d and compelling. Her observations the now unassailable mediocrity the once famous Fred Harvey hot of the rash of hoardings (signboar obscuring the scenery along the hig ways, and of the tin can dumps used car lots, are fitting commentar on a Land of Enchantment wh charms are touted yearly with m lions of *Admass* advertising doll

"Journey Down a Rainbow" m not have the easy appeal of Priestley's previous book on the Sou west, "Midnight on the Desert," classic of its kind. It finds no ro for the philosophical development ideas that speak so eloquently in authors' collaborative play, "Drag Mouth," now current at the Che Lane Theatre in New York City. facts speak for themselves. And t are vastly more significant. This co ageous view of us should deserve arouse every Southwesterner, ev American, who is selling short individualism, his creativity and freedoms to the corrupting tenet an invisible empire of his own n ligent creation. Is this to be the r bow end of the once bright Ameri dream?

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Santayana

Continued from page 11

when they have no deep roots in ıe world" came to believe that no 'orthwhile ideals had very deep roots ı the contemporary scene. The pres- ıre of American life, its busyness, s puritanical sense that life was a attle to be won, its concentration on ıeans and techniques, drove him way; World War I convinced him ıat the life of reason, the attempt ı build a world in which ideals might ɜ domesticated, was no longer really ɔssible anywhere. A fanatic, in San- yana's famous definition, is a man ho redoubles his efforts after he ıs forgotten his aims. The contem- ɔrary world, whether in its alarms ıd hysterias or in its mindless im- ersion in sheer activity, came to em to Santayana a study in fanati- sm.

)O THE romance or the tragedy of uman reason and aspiration receded the later Santayana, and the com- y of reason came into the fore- ound. The landscape was colder, d the man who described it wrote th neither desire nor hope. There in him even a calculated irrele- nce, a deliberate decision not to k to what everyone else thinks is ɜ point. Since his days as a Spanish- ɜaking boy in Boston, there had vays been in Santayana the sense ıt he was an alien in the world; ıt sense came to dominate all his ıer impulses. He remained a thor- ghgoing materialist as far as his ıiefs about the executive order of ture were concerned; but he felt ɔrally free to be a Platonist. The rld was his host, and he was a itor in it—uninvolved, detached, king at things from the outside, h all the urgency and poison of stence taken out of them, and with y the timeless and finished pat- ns they suggest left in them. The ɜr Santayana is the Proust among dern philosophers. In his earlier ɔks, it is the marvel of the emer- ıce of human ideals out of the ıtional flux of matter that excites ı. In his later books it is the eva- cence of human ideals, their mean- lessness except as images beheld the mind, which occupies the ter of his attention. Ideals could be built into the structure of the ·ld. They could only be caught on fly, contemplated for what they ·e, and let go.

antayana read himself out of the ·ld; and it is quite possible, as a sequence, that the world will not ɜ him. His ethics had always had an ageless quality; they came to seem aged as well. His politics were not merely hostile to technology, commerce, and democracy; they became increasingly indifferent to most of the alternatives that are live options for modern men. There is much in his later work that is unfortunate—a display of questionable dialectic, an impressionism that verges on capriciousness, and something that can only be called attitudinizing. Everything becomes a myth, and nothing really tells us what is true or false.

Religion, science, all human beliefs, are all equally metaphors, salutes to the unknowable, "so that the way is cleared for faith, in deciding which set of symbols one will trust." In the end, even Santayana's prejudices, always formidable, lost their consistency.

And yet I am inclined to believe that what happens to Santayana's reputation will be a touchstone of the quality of our culture, and of our growth in maturity and wisdom. "I don't know," he wrote William James about "The Life of Reason," "if any one has felt in it something which, I am sure, is there: I mean the *tears*. . . . Much of the irritation which I may betray and which, I assure you, is much greater than I let it seem, comes of affection. It comes of exasperation at seeing the only things that are beautiful or worth having treated as if they were of no account." The tears are there in Santayana, early and late, for those who are willing to look for them. They explain why a man who wrote philosophy as a personal soliloquy spoke so contagiously and unforgettably to others. They explain why a man so ironical and disenchanted (in words he once used about Leopardi) not only arrests us and rebukes us, but also delivers us.

Early in his career, in "The Sense of Beauty," Santayana wrote: "We must clarify our ideals, and enliven our vision of perfection." Santayana is the rare image of a man who knew with absolute clarity what his ideals were. His philosophy is the expression of an uncompromising mind so deeply committed to its vision of the good that in the end it preferred to reject the world rather than lose that vision. He remains the supreme moralist, reminding us that power, good will, and even intelligence are not enough unless we have also deliberately decided what we want and what is worth having.

THE FOUR NEW *books by and about Santayana, to which Professor Frankel refers in his essay, are:*

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE SANTAYANA. Edited, with commentary and introduction, by Daniel Cory. Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50. Mr. Cory is Santayana's former secretary.

THE MIND OF SANTAYANA. By Richard Butler, O.P. Henry Regnery. $4. The work of an able exponent of scholastic philosophy.

SANTAYANA AND THE SENSE OF BEAUTY. By Willard E. Arnett. Indiana University Press. $4.50. A personally affectionate, but philosophically hostile study.

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY. By George Santayana. The Modern Library. $1.45. A reprint of his first philosophical work, with a foreword by Philip Blair Rice.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

OF *COURSE* YOU REMEMBER

There are dozens of poems that "everybody knows by heart," but does everybody know them by head? Below are the titles of ten of these, some of them patriotic, others sentimental, one humorous. Most of them have tunes to go along with them, and how Grandma used to kick those around on the old melodeon! All *you* have to do (outside of identifying the authors) is to give the first line of the second stanza of each set of verses. Scoring is in abeyance this week. Answers on page 62.

1. "Home, Sweet Home"
2. "A Psalm of Life"
3. "My Old Kentucky Home"
4. "Auld Lang Syne"
5. "The Bucket" (popularly known as "The Old Oaken Bucket")
6. "America the Beautiful"
7. "The Star-Spangled Banner"
8. "Battle-Hymn of the Republic"
9. "America"
10. "Jabberwocky"

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Logic of Mortality

"The Trail of the Dinosaur," by Arthur Koestler *(Macmillan. 253 pp. $3.50), a collection of essays written over many years, represents, so its author says, a final summing-up of his views on the political dilemmas of our times. Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., of Harvard University, author of "The Vital Center," reviews it below.*

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

IN THE preface, Arthur Koestler writes that his book "The Trail of the Dinosaur" is "a farewell to arms." With it he feels he has said all he has to say on the political questions which have obsessed him for so long. Now "the bitter passion has burnt itself out; Cassandra has gone hoarse, and is due for a vocational change." With this, one of the most acute and accomplished political writers of the century takes his leave of politics. "The Trail of the Dinosaur" thus becomes more than a collection of occasional essays and speeches. It is, for the time being, at any rate, Arthur Koestler's political testament.

The challenge of our time, Mr. Koestler contends, lies in man's capacity to steer the precarious path between expediency and morality. The logic of expediency leads to the disintegration of values; the logic of morality leads to the sacrifice of life. Both expediency and morality are thus necessary; on the train of history, "expediency is the engine, morality the brake." But in recent years, our brakes have been neglected while totalitarian dynamism has made the engine run amok; now "we must apply the brake or we shall crash."

Yet have we the faith and the will to save ourselves? To this question Mr. Koestler returns an answer compounded of dread and hope—on the whole, more dread than hope. Most of the essays in "The Trail of the Dinosaur" portray the devices by which Western man evades the challenge—the illusions, the dreams, the fantasies, the neuroses which shield us from reality.

"The Seven Deadly Fallacies" remains from 1948 a brilliantly mordant analysis of the psychology of the fellow traveler. "The Little Flirts of St. Germain-des-Prés" is a masterly polemic against Jean-Paul Sartre and the French neutralists ("You think we have renounced our revolutionary vows?" Koestler asks the Sartrians; "there you are almost right. We have betrayed a party; you are only betraying humanity"). Other essays deal with lighter aspects of man's spiritual confusion—snobbery, science fiction, political masochism, and political nymphomania.

The final section of the book, entitled "The Failure of Response," suggests Mr. Koestler's assessment of our present condition. But he still holds out the hope, which he first enunciated a dozen years ago in "The Fraternity of Pessimists," that the present period of transition, of interregnum, cannot long endure, and that we may expect in time a new ferment—"not a new party or sect [so he wrote in 1943], but an irresistible global mood, a spiritual springtide like early Christianity or the Renaissance." In "The Trail of the Dinosaur" he becomes at once more precise and more sober about the new historical turning. He speaks of it now as a "new mutation of human consciousness," to be induced perhaps by the terrible pressure which the conflict between relative freedom and total tyranny exerts on humanity. Its content, he feels, might be a new spiritual awareness, born of anguish and suffering, which will mend the post-Copernican fission within man and restore his inner wholeness and unity. Obviously he cannot blueprint the new faith; here he is more modest than Arnold Toynbee. All he can do is report the feeling in his bones that the world is due for some radical shift in values and focus, some basic reorientation.

Mr. Koestler is currently working on a study of the century of Copernicus, the great watershed of the modern mind, in order to investigate the sources of our contemporary disorientation. In the meantime, while one regrets his farewell to politics, one can only admire the integrity which produced his decision. There are too many stuck phonograph records in the world that Koestler may help to unloosen.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain" (John Howard Payne). 2. "Life is real! Life is earnest!" (Longfellow). 3. "They hunt no more for the possum and the coon" (Stephen Collins Foster). 4. "We twa hae rin about the braes" (Burns). 5. "That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure" (Samuel Woodworth). 6. "O beautiful for pilgrim feet" (Katharine Lee Bates). 7. "On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep" (Francis Scott Key). 8. "I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps" (Julia Ward Howe). 9. "My native country, thee" (Samuel Francis Smith). 10. "Beware the Jabberwock, my son!" (Lewis Carroll).

Fiction

Continued from page 14

lishman named Norman Lewis, in a novel called **"The Day of the Fox"** (Rinehart, $3), doesn't manage to do it. despite isolated insights. Principally it is about a Catalonian fisherman who, desperately down in his luck, proceeds to sink even farther even though he lands the big fish of his dreams. There are some sharply etched descriptive passages, and the beginnings of some interesting characterizations (an anarchic old landowner, a devilishly efficient policeman, a forceful gypsy dancer), though not Spanish characterizations; but Mr. Lewis, who seems determined to deal a losing hand to all concerned, has stacked the cards of his suspenseful plot in such a way that no one really allowed to play his own game.

Though they may not do so well with Spaniards, the English have a knack for personal self-appraisal often wryly deprecating in tone, which often comes off very well, though sometimes seems to be more candid than it really is. However that may be, John Verney, in a volume of wartime reminiscence cavalierly entitled **"Going to the Wars"** (Dodd, Mead, $ has penned an often amusing, unheroic, yet unblushingly sentimental account of his four years as a diffident young esthete cast inappropriately in the role of junor officer in a cavalry unit during the desert-fighting phases of World War II. Though he assures us it was mostly rather dull and routine, one can be sure he doesn't really believe it, which is probably fortunate for his lively book. We are introduced to a number of Mr. Verney's comrades-in-arms and as he keeps bumping into the same ones throughout the theatre of war we are able to follow their fortunes as well as the author's. The mystifying ease with which they all manage to get transferred to whatever sort of duty strikes their moment's fancy makes things seem awfully clubby; yet, when the need arises their level heads and unassuming courage remind us that they, or men like them, in actuality did a prodigious good job of work.

It might be best simply to say of another English war-time novel, **Another Country"** (Coward-McCann $3), by John Bayley, that it is somewhat in the tradition of E. M. Forester and Rose Macauley, and to hope that discerning enthusiasts will be led to determine for themselves the aptness of the comparison. Certainly in a note as brief as this, it would

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be folly to attempt a synopsis of the ambivalence of character and motivation with which the author concerns himself. The story revolves around the members of a small unit of British soldiery occupying a sliver of Germany after the last war, their relationships with each other and with a few of the local citizens, and the way in which moral choice and amoral accident impinge upon each other and reverberate beyond the situation which gave rise to them in such a way as to make life, or the events which give life its form, "predictable" only in retrospect. If Mr. Bayley doesn't convince us that he knows exactly what he is trying to convey in the overall view, he affords us the pleasure of forming our own estimation of a group of characters whose sometimes puzzling behavior reflects the diverse and disordered psychic and social conditions under which life is actually lived above the visceral level.

It might be noted that the last two books mentioned, especially "In Another Country," reinforce one's impression that the English writers, to a greater extent than the Americans, have begun to assimilate their wartime experiences in such a way as to be able to utilize them in making fictional commentaries on matters which, while illuminated by being placed in a military setting, transcend the boundaries of battlefield relevance, and are applicable to human life in general. —JEROME STONE.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 654

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 654 will be found in the next issue.

TCGF ILCISL MUCZ

FAJF FALXL BG UC

GYOA FABUR JG SYOM,

PYF BF BG KBQQBOYSF

FC QBUK JUECUL ZAC

KCLG UCF PLSBLWL

BU BF.

—XJCYS KL GJSLG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 653

It is easier to square the circle than to get round a mathematician.

—AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN.

New Vistas

Continued from page 8

human, or, rather, pre-human, revolution, through which Mankind itself came into existence, may have been spread over an enormous number of generations, for all we know. And we do know that most of the revolutions through which Mankind has passed during the few thousand years of which we have a record have been spread over more generations than one. Today, for the first time in history, the same thing is happening to Mankind as a whole as once happened to the Aztecs and to the Incas, for example, when the Spaniards suddenly burst upon them in the sixteenth century. Today, for the first time, the whole world is having, within a single lifetime, to digest a greater revolution than it is perhaps possible within just one single lifetime.

The United States has changed almost out of recognition since 1914. You might expect, perhaps, that, in the Old World, the pace of change would not be so fast. Yet we British, during these same forty-one years, have been through a great revolution too. The social revolution, for instance, in Great Britain itself has been much greater in its degree of intensity than the social changes in, say, Minnesota during the same period. And the change in the British Empire has been far greater. It is true that the British Empire has not broken up (the only former part of it that has completely broken away so far is Burma); but it has survived only because its former rulers have consented to see its constitution and character utterly transformed. Today, in 1955, Eire is no longer part of the United Kingdom; India, Pakistan, and Ceylon are no longer being governed by administrators from the United Kingdom; these Asian countries are now governing themselves; and the two principal former colonial possessions of the United Kingdom in West Africa—the Gold Coast and Nigeria—have already almost attained that full measure of self-government that the three South Asian dominions of the Commonwealth have been enjoying since 1947.

But the revolution through which we are living today is, of course, something much greater and more significant than just the transformation of one empire into new forms of political life. This current revolution is not confined geographically to any single Western state; it is not confined even to our Western Society as a whole. It is a worldwide revolution; and, all over the World it is taking place not merely on the political surface of life; this revolution is penetrating to the cultural and religious depths.

Moreover, it is a revolution which may have two alternative outcomes which are at opposite extremes from one another. It may end abruptly in the self-destruction of the human race. Since 1945, for the first time in history, Mankind has the power to destroy itself; and we have had to invent a new word—"genocide"—to describe one aspect of this new, appalling possibility. But if this world-revolution is not to end in world-wide "genocide" (and I, for one, do not expect that it will end in that way), the only alternative possibility is that it will end in a worldwide social fusion of all the tribes, nations, civilizations, and religions of Man. And if it ends in fusion our descendants, looking back on our time, will be able to see that we, in our generation, had been witnessing the end of the age of the separate civilizations and witnessing the beginning of a new age in which, for the first time, the whole human race was becoming one single family.

THE unification of the whole of Mankind is, undoubtedly, a revolutionary prospect; yet it is not something that is quite without precedent. There have been foretastes of this prospective age of literally worldwide unification in a number of previous local unifications. At different times, in different regions, peoples that had formerly been divided and estranged from one another by differences of language, religion, and political allegiance have been united in the so-called world-empires: the Roman Empire, the Arab Caliphate, the Maurya Empire in India, the Chinese Empire, and the like. Of course, none of these former "world-empires" really embraced more than a fraction of the human race. Yet they were truly "ecumenical" in the subjective sense: that is to say, their citizens had the feeling that they were members of a community which was virtually worldwide, since it embraced most of that civilized portion of Mankind of whose existence they had any knowledge.

These so-called "world-empires" also resembled the world of our own day in being socially conductive. In those worlds, as in ours, any technique, institution, idea, or ideal that made its appearance in any part of the whole area tended to spread rapidly and effectively to all parts. The Roman poet Juvenal, writing less than 150 years after the establishment of the *pax romana* under Augustus, drew attention to this social conductivity of the Roman Empire in a picturesque simile that has become famous. "The Syrian river Orontes," he write, "has

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swerved [*defluxit*] into the Italian river Tiber." And this simile could be applied to describe the corresponding process of social fusion in the other "world-empires" that I have mentioned. In Juvenal's idiom we could say that the Chinese Empire made the Yangtse River swerve into the Yellow River; the Maurya Empire in India made the Indus swerve into the Ganges; and the Arab Caliphate made the Tigris swerve into the Nile. We could go on to say that, in our world today, the same process is taking place—and this on a literally world-wide scale—on the technological and cultural levels, even though, on the political level, our own world-state has not yet risen above the horizon. Our present world has not yet been unified politically, and we cannot foretell how its political unification is going to be accomplished. Yet already we can see the Thames swerving into the Hudson, the Rhine swerving into the Potomac, and strangest spectacle of all—the Volga swerving into the Mississippi. In our world, too, in its turn, the different peoples, civilizations, and religions are coming to be intermingled with one another.

The present rapid unification of the World is being brought about by the accelerating progress of our Western technology. It is true, at the same time, that the local governments, with the acquiescence of their subjects, are trying to manipulate technology for the unnatural purpose of preventing technology from producing its natural result. As the tide, making for unification, rolls forward over the face of the planet, the governments are trying desperately to check its advance by setting up all kinds of obstacles: customs barriers, import quotas, currency regulations, immigration restrictions, police inquisitions, and iron curtains. The governments have not been willing to learn the lesson that, according to the story, King Knut, the Danish sovereign of Britain and Scandinavia, taught his courtiers 900 years ago when he made them place his throne in the path of the advancing tide and demonstrated to them that the tide did not stop flowing at his royal word of command. Whatever our present-day governments may do or say, the tide that is now making for the unification of the world will, I believe, go rolling on irresistibly. I do not believe that it can be stopped before it has brought upon Mankind one or the other of the two alternative prospects that now face us: either union or self-destruction.

The world that is thus growing together into a unity is at the same time growing immensely larger. Until after the opening of the twentieth century our historical horizon in the West was virtually limited to Israel, Greece, and Rome. Their three histories had been pieced together in the fourth century by the Christian Greek historian Eusebius; and for the next 1,600 years, from Eusebius's time till just the other day, Eusebius's Western heirs continued to see the history of Mankind within the rims of Eusebius's spectacles. Today, thanks to the discoveries made by modern Western orientalists and archaeologists, History has acquired new and wider horizons in both space and time. Its field now extends over the whole face of the planet, from Japan to Ireland and from Mexico to Peru; and its age has now been carried back some 5,000-6,000 years by the archaeologists who have unearthed the physical remains of the earliest civilizations, and perhaps a further 500,000 or even 1,000,000 years by the pre-historians, who are feeling their way back towards the genesis of the human race itself.

Meanwhile History has also been acquiring a new spiritual dimension, thanks to the pioneer work of Western psychologists within our own lifetime. About 2,500 years ago the Greeks discovered the human intellect; and this discovery was so exciting and so impressive that from the sixth century B. C. till yesterday we continued to see human nature through the Greek philosophers' spectacles, and therefore continued to be blind to everything in it except its apparently rational surface. In our day the psychologists have broken through the crust of the intellect and have bored their way down, like oil-prospectors, deep into the spiritual subsoil; and here they have discovered for us the psyche's unfathomable subconscious abyss—the great deep out of which both poetry and religious inspiration well up to the surface of the human mind. The human psyche is like an iceberg; only a fraction of it emerges above the level of consciousness. Psychology is now beginning to reveal to us the subconscious nine-tenths of the psyche's spiritual depth.

So here, in our day, is a great intellectual opportunity for historians. For the first time in history we now have a chance of seeing two things. We can now begin to see the history of the civilizations—these last 5,000 or 6,000 years out of Mankind's 600,000 or 1,000,000 years of existence up to date—as a whole, instead of being limited as our predecessors were to a partial vision of bits and patches of it. And we can also now begin to see all aspects of human life as so many facets of a unitary human nature, instead of having like our predecessors to approach the study of Man departmentally, by breaking it up artificially into a number of separate "disciplines": history, sociology, economics, psychology, theology, and the rest. This new possibility of studying human life as a unity ought to enable us to embark on mental voyages of discovery that have hardly been practicable in the past.

Obviously this intellectual opportunity for historians in our generation is a dazzling one; but there is a practical opportunity, too, for us; and unless we succeed in turning this practical opportunity to good account the intellectual opportunity will be lost to us. It will be lost because Mankind is going to destroy itself if it cannot learn to live as a single family on the rapidly shrinking surface of this planet. And, in Mankind's choice between these two alternatives the historians can have some say.

LIVING together as a single family is the only future that Mankind can have, now that our Western technology has simultaneously "annihilated distance" and invented the atom bomb. The alternative, now, is mass suicide. Yet the feat of learning how to live together as a single family is going to be very difficult, even urgently necessary. Till our day Man's improvement of his physical means of communication lagged far behind his advance in civilization on the spiritual plane. So, for the last 5,000-6,000 years our cultures and our religions have been developing more or less in isolation from one another, and therefore have been growing apart. Thus, when they have come to live side by side in a world divided up into cultural compartments. It has been a world in which, as Pascal puts it, "a meridian decides what is the truth." "What is truth on this side of the Pyrenees is error on the other side." These accidentally, and therefore arbitrarily differentiated outlooks and attitudes have had time to become ingrained habits. Human beings have had 6,000 years' leisure for learning to become strangers to one another; and now we have given ourselves hardly any time at all for learning the more difficult art of dwelling together in unity, like brothers.

We are, indeed, well aware how dangerous our present situation is. We have suddenly become one another's next-door neighbours physically, while our hearts and minds remain still far apart. And when mutual strangers run into one another mutual ignorance breeds mutual fear, and mutual fear breeds mutual hostility. What Mankind needs now, above all, is time for the different peoples to become familiar with one another's diverse ways of life, in order to learn first to tolerate these differences and then to appreciate them as parts of

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unified Mankind's common future heritage.

This is the point at which contemporary historians have their practical opportunity for doing either good or evil. They have it because they are our interpreters of the past; and in order to form a mental picture of either an individual human being or a human society it is not enough to see the human object of observation merely as it is at the moment. One has to see it in the time-dimension as well—to see it, in fact, four-dimensionally. When the parties to the encounter are not individuals but societies this four-dimensional picture has to be provided by the historians; and, at this critical moment in History, much may depend on the pictures that the historians are going to draw for us of the local histories of the last 5,000 years, and on the prospects for the future that they are going to open out before our eyes. The historians can emphasize past diverences and can present them as precious heritages which ought to be preserved, even at the price of heavy sacrifices; or, alternatively, they can emphasize present convergences and can commend these to us as valuable innovations which ought to be fostered and promoted, even at the cost of considerable risks.

In our Western World in the nineenth century the influence of the historians did more to sow discord than it did to create harmony. There were, for instance, nineteenth-century national movements which might never have been set in motion if some historian, or some school of historians, had not given them their initial impulse. These are striking cases in which academic studies have had a dynamic, and even explosive and disruptive, effect on practical affairs. I shall remind you of one striking case within our own lifetime. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the academic exercise of disinterring apparently long-since dead and buried national histories was one of the major causes of the eventual break-up of the Danubian Hapsburg Monarchy. What are these particularist-minded nineteenth-century historians' grandchildren going to do for us in our generation? Are they going to drop on us intellectual bombs that will blow up the whole World, as the Hapsburg Monarchy was blown up by the academic activities of some of their grandfathers? Or are they going to spin mental webs that will weave the strands of Man together into a single worldwide family? I cannot answer this question for you. I do, however, suggest that the historians of our day have a great opportunity.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1137

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The part in "Allen's Alley" REALLY* played by Peter Donald (Surname).	7 116 57 175 39 146 122
B. The sour liquor of crab apples, unripe grapes, etc.	193 18 3 98 142 20 44 203
C. Section in London, just east of the "City," largely Jewish.	117 8 86 180 171 100 5 138 158 51 25
D. A part which represents typically a large, complicated whole.	12 59 160 169 74 90 177
E. Woman's countenance, very pretty, but artificial and immature.	195 54 26 127 84 178 42 60
F. Lonely wife of many a sportsloving man (2 wds.).	41 43 191 1 28 79 140 58 188
G. Frequent response to a grown-up's admonition to stop doing something (3 wds.).	165 14 130 159 186 150 76 56 189 109 200 111
H. Gets possession of.	83 91 143 15 132 131 82
I. Engaged as in a wrestling bout (3 wds.).	185 21 55 166 32 176 9 126
J. An eolith (2 wds.).	53 35 108 61 119 181 161 135 124
K. Chiliadic.	149 114 190 196 110 49 72 63 101 85

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Elevation; loftiness.	103 148 27 144 139 107 102 87
M. Give courage to.	187 129 141 163 151 198 104 30
N. What Francis Bacon said is power.	105 162 2 174 147 6 68 136 199
O. Where an aviator goes (with "wild" inserted; 3 wds.).	66 197 168 22 11 202 152 97 92 112 62
P. Nicks cut in a tally stick.	121 69 37 13 170 93 10
Q. Settlement whose prosperity and character have departed (2 wds.).	123 88 182 95 201 183 154 70 40
R. Too thin for beauty.	19 113 34 145 65 155 48
S. The actor who REALLY* portrayed Titus Moody all those years on "Allen's Alley" (full name).	33 120 16 45 128 94 164 77 133 67 24 172 115 29
T. Designation; empowering.	194 106 75 71 36 137 157 204 81 23 4
U. Authority of a man over his sister's children, etc.	64 80 89 125 52 96 38 118 73 47
V. Airway assigned to TV broadcasting.	153 184 173 50 179 99 17
W. Pertaining to the live oak.	134 46 156 192 31 167 78

* With apologies for my error in No. 1128. —D. N. W.

DIRECTIONS

o solve this puzzle you ust guess twenty-odd ORDS, the definitions which are given in the lumn headed DEFINI-ONS. Alongside each finition, there is a row dashes—one for each ter in the required rd. When you have essed a word, write it the dashes, and also ite each letter in the respondingly numbered uare of the puzzle gram. . . When the ares are all filled in, will find that you ve completed a quota-n from some published rk. If read up and vn, the letters in the gram have no mean-. . . Black squares icate ends of words; here is no black square the right side of the gram, the word carries r to the next line. . . ien all the WORDS filled in, their initial ers spell the name of author and the title the piece from which quotation has been n. Of great help to solver are this acrostic ure and the relative bes of words in the ram as they develop. hority for spellings definitions is Web-s New International tionary, Second Edi-

	1 F	2 N	3 B		4 T	5 C	6 N		7 A	8 C	9 I	10 P	11 O	12 D		13 P	14 G
15 H	16 S	17 V	18 B	19 R		20 B		21 I	22 O		23 T	24 S	25 C	26 E		27 L	28 F
29 S	30 M	31 W	32 I		33 S	34 R	35 J	36 T	37 P	38 U	39 A	40 Q	41 F		42 E	43 F	44 B
45 S	46 W	47 U	48 R		49 K	50 V	51 C	52 U	53 J	54 E	55 I	56 G	57 A		58 F	59 D	60 E
61 J	62 O	63 K		64 U		65 R	66 O	67 S	68 N	69 P	70 Q		71 T	72 K	73 U	74 D	
75 T	76 G	77 S		78 W	79 F	80 U	81 T	82 H		83 H	84 E		85 K	86 C	87 L		88 Q
89 U	90 D	91 H	92 O	93 P	94 S		95 Q	96 U	97 O	98 B	99 V	100 C	101 K	102 L		103 L	104 M
	105 N	106 T	107 L	108 J		109 G	110 K		111 G	112 O	113 R	114 K		115 S	116 A	117 C	
118 U	119 J		120 S	121 P	122 A		123 Q	124 J	125 U	126 I	127 E	128 S	129 M	130 G	131 H		132 H
133 S		134 W	135 J	136 N	137 T	138 C	139 L	140 F		141 M	142 B	143 H		144 L	145 R	146 A	
147 N	148 L	149 K	150 G	151 M	152 O		153 V	154 Q	155 R	156 W	157 T	158 C	159 G	160 D	161 J	162 N	
163 M	164 S		165 G	166 I	167 W	168 O		169 D	170 P	171 C		172 S	173 V	174 N	175 A		176 I
177 D	178 E	179 V	180 C		181 J	182 Q		183 Q	184 V	185 I	186 G	187 M		188 F	189 G	190 K	
191 F	192 W	193 B	194 T	195 E		196 K	197 O	198 M	199 N	200 G		201 Q	202 O	203 B	204 T		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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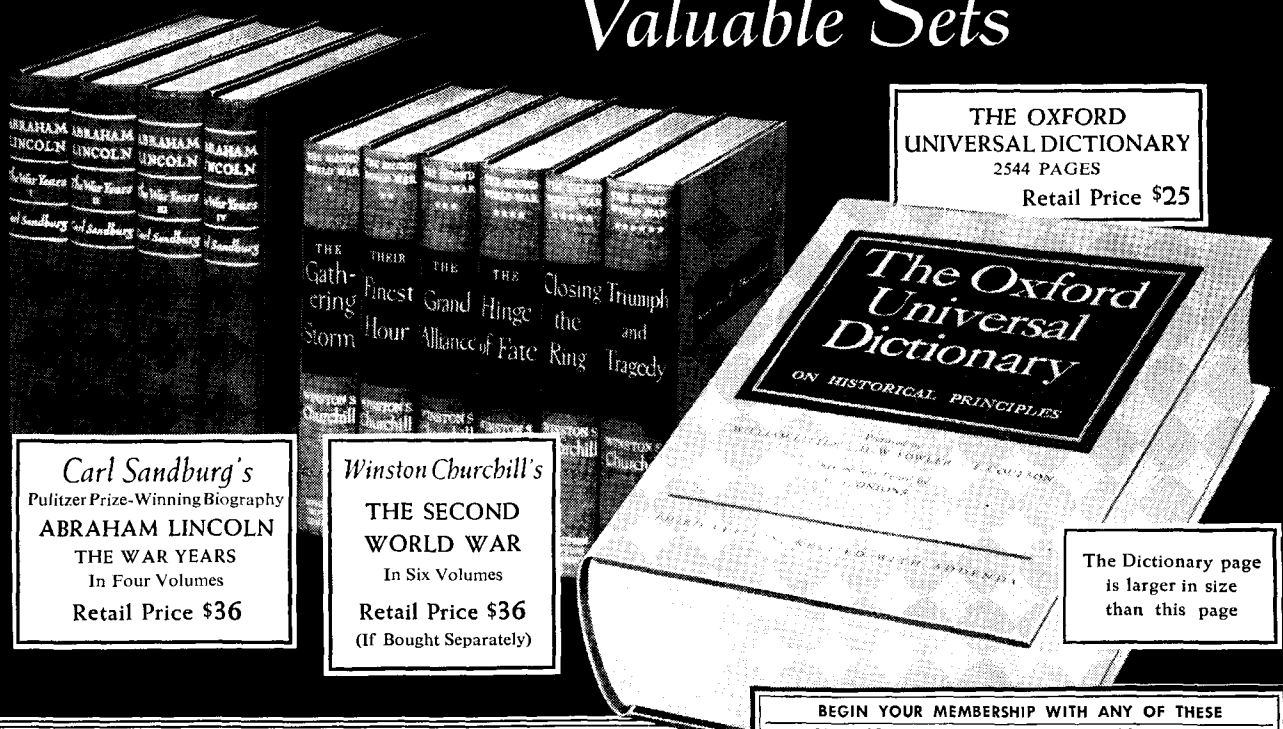

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